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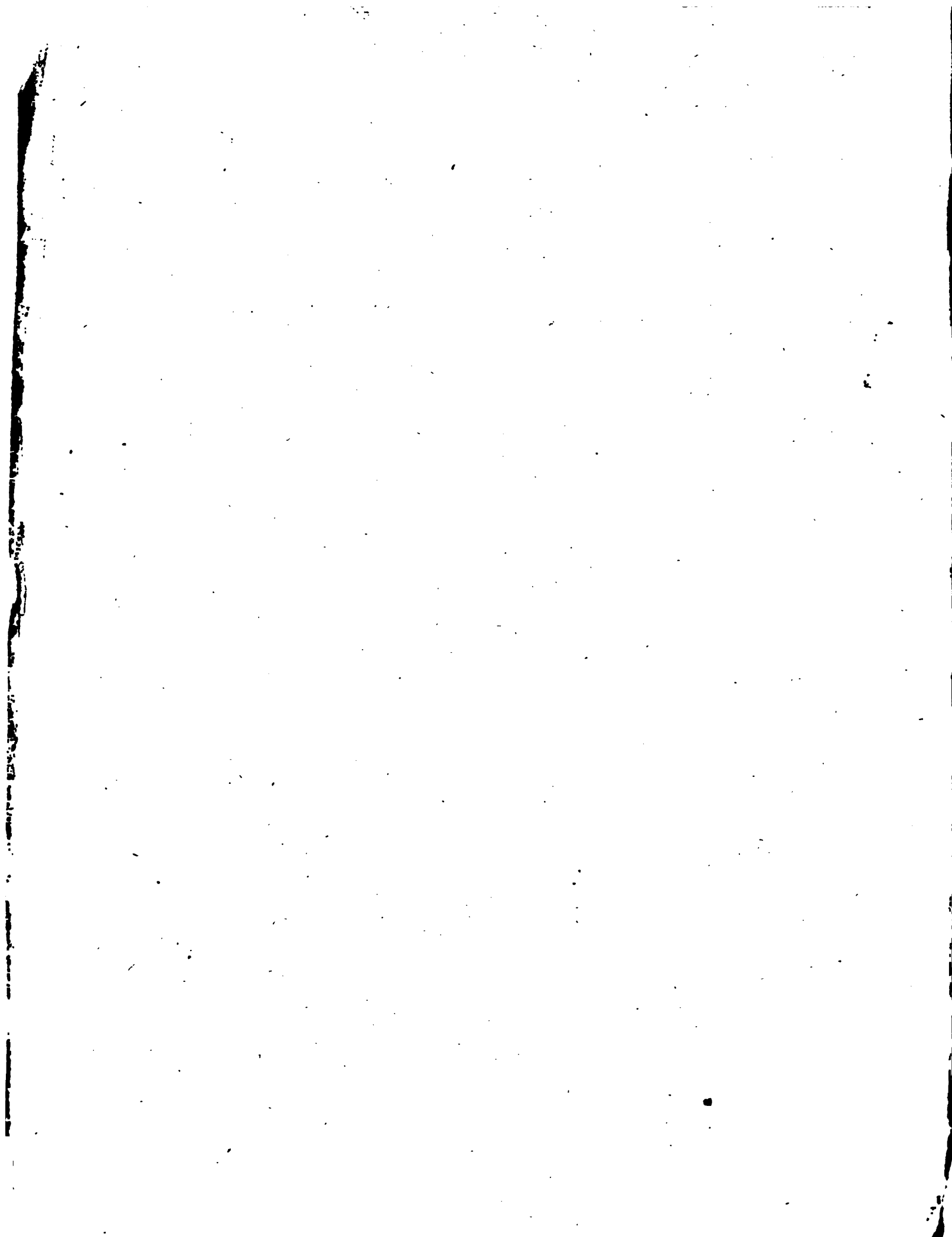
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AN

EXAMINATION, &c.

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AN
EXAMINATION
OF THE
STRICTURES OF THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS
ON THE
TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL
BY W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

Vituperatus qui sit, haud mediocri sane honori sibi ducat, se tam absurdis,
tam stolidis nebulonibus displicere. MILTON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HATCHARD, BOOKSELLER TO HER MAJESTY,
OPPOSITE ALBANY-PLACE, PICCADILLY.

1803.

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AN
EXAMINATION, &c.

In the introduction to the Epistle to Peter Pindar, (published about two years ago,) I had occasion to speak of the literary exertions of that egregious personage in our periodical publications; to this was appended the following note: "I have been told that the unmanly reflections on me in the Critical Review, where I have been wantonly insulted—not for what I did write, *for that is a matter of course*, but for what I did not—were all furnished by Peter Pindar! If this be true, the Editors of that work are more to be pitied than I am. I have offended these gentlemen—they, perhaps, know how, for I do not;—and I NEITHER LOOK FOR CANDOUR NOR JUSTICE AT THEIR HANDS, nor indeed, am I at all solicitous about the matter—only, methinks, I could wish that when I am to be cut up, they would call in, if it were but for the credit of their slaughter-house, some less bungling butcher than Peter Pindar." p. 7.

In this I was perfectly serious : the Translation of Juvenal was at that time in the press ; and a regard for the interests of literature, made me desirous that the ribaldry with which it was sure to be received by the Critical Reviewers, might be dealt out by one that could at least comprehend what he was hired to abuse. I am sorry my wishes were not heard ;—Peter is, indeed, a most wretched reviewer ; but the “ gentleman ” * selected to fill his place is no better : in ignorance, impudence, scurrility, rancour, and falsehood, they are equal : in extent of reading, Peter perhaps has the advantage, which, on the other hand, seems to be balanced by his rival’s superior acquaintance with the Latin vocabulary !

I was not mad enough to suppose the Translation of Juvenal a perfect work : I saw many errors myself after it came from the press, and was confident that the most candid observer would see many more :—this is not my case alone ; it is the lot of humanity ; but in a work of ancient literature, wholly independent of the prejudices and passions of modern days, and which, from the careful exclusion of temporary topics, could afford no reasonable plea for malignant hostility, I ventured to hope that what was reprehensible, would be noticed without personal insult ; and that I should experience some part of that candour which I had invariably shewn in it, to every writer who came under my observation.

* The Critical Review is said, in the title-page, to be conducted by “ A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN,” whose standing motto is,

— nothing extenuate,

Nor set down aught in malice.

Perhaps language does not furnish another instance of words so impudently perverted from their true meaning.

I acknowledge with thankfulness, that I have not been disappointed. Greater vanity would be gratified by the praises which I have received; and greater abilities flattered by the little to which men of real taste and learning have objected, in so various and extensive a publication.

It will be easily conceived that amongst the critics from whom I looked for common decency, I did not number the associates of Peter. I knew too well that the Critical Reviewers reviewed books, as the ancients planted basil, with cursing and swearing; and had been honoured with too many specimens of their hostility, not to foresee that, on the present occasion, I should be favoured with somewhat more than my share of it. Of this, however, I took neither thought nor care; nor should I have condescended to waste a syllable upon them, if they had not "travelled out of the record," and added FORGERY and FALSEHOOD to the usual attributes of their Review.

In the retort on these "gentlemen," I am anxious that my motives should not be misunderstood. I love criticism, and have studied it; and I honour critics,—genuine ones, I mean; sacred be their strictures! But when they descend from their station, revile instead of examine, and, in the attitude of a drunken porter, thrust their fists into our faces, they lose their privilege, and become just objects of attack in their turn. In this degraded situation stand the Critical Reviewers. I sought no quarrel with them; but since they neglect their office to become pugilists, pugilists too of the most despicable order, fretful, irritating, and litigious, I am content to defend myself.

Before I begin, it may be necessary to say a few words on the

structure of a Review. It is generally supposed to be the production of a set of independent gentlemen, (independent, as far as human weakness will permit,) zealous for the interests of literature, and labouring to promote them by a series of observations dictated by correct taste, strong and manly sense, candour, and such liberality of sentiment and language as the education of a gentleman may be supposed to instil. And such, with a few exceptions, I believe to be the plan on which the majority of our Reviews is formed and conducted: with that of which I am now to speak, it is not so.

The Critical Review was begun in spleen, and has grown up in hatred and malignity. At its establishment it underwent a prosecution for defamation; and there have not probably been many numbers produced since, in which one article or another has not exposed the vender to the cart's-tail or the whipping-post.

The consequences of this have been such as might be anticipated; for though the love of slander, too common among "the race" that read, as well as those "that write," has always procured it a certain number of purchasers; yet, as I learn from unexceptionable authority, it has never been a profitable concern, and would long since have been given up, had not the Robinsons found it a convenient vehicle for the propagation of their peculiar tenets. Thus lingering out a kind of living death,* the proprietor,

* I never meet with the Critical Review, unless here and there in a bookseller's shop; and, as the beggar said of the new guineas, I can't think what becomes of them. It is true, most of my acquaintance are attached to the religion and government of the country, and all of them to sound sense and liberal criticism—this

Mr. Hamilton of Falcon-court, who is also the printer, finds himself unable to pay men of ability for their labour; and the Review is therefore thrown open to ignorance and envy. Every scribbler devoured with malice, every splenetic blockhead who trembles lest his merits should be eclipsed, every one, in short, who has a real or imaginary grievance to revenge, has an easy access to the Critical Review. Few questions are asked; and provided the views of the state be not furthered, nor those of Messrs. Robinson obstructed, the Publisher is bound to accept with thankfulness whatever Bedlam and Billingsgate in conjunction may put into his hands.

One of the evils which naturally results from so wretched a system is the uncertainty that pervades this work. The first sacrifice is constantly made to malice, the second to interest; and as the one is sometimes compromised by a too free indulgence of the other, it produces embarrassments of the most ridiculous kind.

When the Pursuits of Literature first appeared, it was reviewed somewhat like the Translation of Juvenal. The author was insulted with the grossest terms, and confident predictions were made that the work would fall into immediate neglect: so ignorant indeed, and so impudent were the strictures on it, that they were generally believed to proceed from the pen of Peter, this at least may be boldly affirmed, that they were truly worthy

accounts for my not finding it with them; but that I should never light on it, by any accident, nor know a single purchaser of it, is strange indeed! It seems to be slowly following the Analytical Review (which yet possessed infinitely more talents) to the place "where all things are forgotten."

of him. What is the result? that work, the memory of which was to expire, before the ink that marked its condemnation was dry, has been rising in reputation, from its first appearance; and having reached the twelfth edition, has just compelled the Critical Reviewers, who have all the saving cunning of foolish knaves, to chaunt a palinodia: and now it is that "popular work," that "favourite work;" presently it will be that "admirable work!"

I know not what the learned author of the Pursuits thinks of this, but solemnly declare that I had rather encounter all their enmity to the end of time, than be the humbled object of their repentant, their worthless praise:

A fool quite angry is quite innocent:

Alas! tis ten times worse when they repent.

I look on the scurrility poured on myself in the Critical Review (and there is not a person who knows me but will unequivocally vouch for the truth of the assertion) with the most perfect contempt; yet confess I have felt some indignation at that which I have seen lavished on others; others, perhaps, have experienced the same sensations on my account.

I could never contemplate with patience the infamous scurrilities directed against the first geographer in Europe:—but Major Rennell had been guilty of an inexpiable crime: he had pointed out the ignorance of the Reviewer; and the miserable quack, struggling between impudence and detection, poured forth a torrent of abuse on a work which will confer a lasting honour on the country. Nor was this all; Major Rennell,

with that modesty which is inseparable from true worth, had confessed his want of acquaintance with the Greek language. Here was an opportunity of triumphing over an adversary not to be overlooked. Comment (quoth the Critic, in the words of his prototype the Mock Doctor), vous ne savez pas le Grec! What! you do not understand Greek!

Crofti deletok abaneb exafna tembyb cyrutz—

Oh, le bel langage! O the Greek is a fine language! And thus it is that impudence and imposture amaze the ignorant, confound the modest, and over-awe the timid.

But mark the consistency of these Critics. The men, who in their reviling of Major R. arrogantly pronounce that they are "chary of praise," which "must be earned before it is bestowed," were lavishing, at that same instant, whole pages of it on a jumble of incomprehensible trash called Gebir, the most vile and despicable effusion of a mad and muddy brain that ever disgraced, I will not say the press, but the "darkened walls" of Bedlam. And what was the answer, when they were told of this infamous prostitution? That they did it "to push off a few of the books." **NOTA LOQUOR.** I speak what I know.

The name of Dr. Jenner is as familiar to most of my readers, as his extraordinary merits, which have procured him the thanks and blessings, not only of his country, but of all the civilized world! This man, and his laudable exertions in the cause of suffering humanity, have these "disinterested" approvers of a mischievous idiot, these "free and unbiassed" admirers of Gebir, persecuted for months, nay for years, with unvarying ridicule,

until, in one of their last numbers, when the general indignation was already kindled against them, a letter of expostulation is very conveniently received from the country, and the sneaking slanderers are now preparing to retract all they have advanced, and perhaps to place this great and good man almost on a level with the author of Gebir!

Come we now to the review of the Translation of Juvenal.

“ The historian of declining Rome had obtained by unwearied efforts the palm of celebrity, his posthumous friends, from his own records, published the memorials of an indefatigable life, and failed neither to awaken curiosity nor to remunerate attention.

“ The humble translator of a Roman satirist anticipates the office of his executors, and announces himself, his pedigree, and his pristine meanness with a revolting self-complacency, scarcely exceeded by the luminous Gibbon,” September, p. 10.

What is the deduction from this malicious piece of absurdity? Is it that—because Mr. Gibbon, who wrote a history of Rome, left memoirs of himself to be published by his executors, therefore every one who does not write a history of Rome must do the same! Where is the analogy? Was Gibbon the only person who “ left memoirs of himself?” Is the Translator of Juvenal the only one who “ anticipated the office of his executors?” What is meant to be said?—And is the Critic well assured that I have “ anticipated,” &c.? Does he recollect nothing of a respectable associate, who kindly took upon himself the office of my executor? I will answer for him; he does: and, with equal credit to

his head and his heart, has enriched his review with a few circumstances from the interesting narration.

Let me be forgiven for observing in this place, that the "gentleman" takes a liberal delight in recurring in contemptuous terms to Mr. Gifford's "source." I could well have spared another word on this subject; but, thus insulted, it may not be amiss to check his contemptible vanity by informing him that it is neither more "mean," more "degraded," nor more "obscure"* than his own, be he who he may. From my family I derived nothing but a name, which the poorest of us have, and which is more, probably, than I shall leave—but that family is ancient, was once very respectable, and sunk into insignificance and decay, as many others have done, by a succession of thoughtless inheritors. With all this, however, I have nothing to do. Like the lamb in the fable, "I was not then born:" nor should I ever have opened my lips on the subject (indeed a silence of more than twenty years is no feeble voucher for me), if the injustice of two such—but enough; *retournons à nos moutons*.

I pass over the sneers at the Introduction, which I am neither sorry nor surprised to see them treat with unvarying insolence and contempt. They have the good fortune to be singular in this part of their conduct, and may be contentedly left to the undisturbed enjoyment of it.

"Satiated with the self-importance of Mr. Gifford," p. 11, they "slightly glance over the surface of the original fabric," p. 13, in a cursory flight through Laharpe. This is succeeded by a

* "This place" (Halsworth), says Guillim, "was long the residence of the Giffords, from whom descended"—but it is not worth transcribing.

most learned list of commentators, &c. copied from that recondite treasury of information, the title-page to Henninius's edition of Juvenal! beyond which the Critics have not looked. To this is tacked an enumeration of the English translations to which I had, or might have, access, among which are "Dryden's, Hervey's, and Neville's." If we did not know the close and constant alliance of ignorance and impudence, we should scarcely believe that the man who talks so confidently of translations, is indebted for his muster-roll to an imperfect catalogue, copied without inquiry. Dryden and Hervey! why not Creech, Congreve, and Tate? The mention of Neville, as one of the translators of Juvenal, is too ridiculous for notice. Did the Critic ever look into him? No!

"His situation appears to have been peculiarly propitious for "accomplishing his task with finished elegance," p. 13. This is meant to insinuate, that at the period here spoken of, I had boasted of having consulted that formidable body of commentators and translators so ostentatiously displayed:—but what are my own words? "I now discovered (i. e. *after* the period mentioned by the Critic) for the first time, that my own inexperience, and the advice of my too partial friend, had engaged me in a work for which my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, indeed, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision." p. xix. Does this savour of the "revolting self-sufficiency" of which Mr. Gifford is accused? The truth is, that few of the number were better known to me at that

“ propitious moment ” than to the Critic at this ; indeed, scarcely so well ; for I had not even *heard* of their names.

The account of my “ advantages ” is followed by an accusation of dishonesty ; and lest the charge should escape the careless reader, it is one while put into italics, and another, set off with notes of admiration ! It has frequently happened, that the injustice of my enemies has given me opportunities, which I should never have sought, of justifying myself from wandering calumnies and falsehoods. The history of the subscription is shortly this. My ever-regretted friend Mr. Cookesley fell ill the week after it was opened, and died. It was found that he had set down four names only ; but what they paid, or whether they paid any thing, was not ascertained. Some months afterwards, the subscription was revived by the kindness of Servington Savery, to whom I had transmitted a number of receipts. How many he disposed of I never knew ; certainly, it was a very small number : and of the few who subscribed, all who could be found had their money returned, at my express desire. Mr. Savery left that part of the country on a sudden call elsewhere, and many years elapsed before we met.

Besides this gentleman, Thomas Taylor, Esq. a magistrate of great worth and respectability, undertook to exert himself in my favour. When the translation was suspended, the subscriptions he had collected were scrupulously returned. From Mr. Taylor, who is happily still living, I received (about the time that the slanderous doers of the Crit. Rev. were indirectly charging me with picking the pockets of my subscribers) a congratulatory letter on the appearance of the translation ; this I fortunately

preserved, and now trouble the reader with the following extract from it: " It is long since that on your issuing proposals, I used my endeavours to procure subscriptions, and in some measure succeeded, but you returned me the money to be repaid to those from whom I received it. I believe you returned me my own subscription also; however, I must have the book," &c.

From Devonshire, therefore, I never received one farthing on account of the translation. At Oxford I set it on foot myself, and procured many names: the money, however, was intrusted to the care of a young gentleman of the name of Brown, whose melancholy catastrophe is mentioned in the Introduction:—the Critical Reviewers, perhaps, were " sated with Mr. Gifford's " self-importance" before they had read so far; this must be their apology for insulting me with having pocketed what I *honestly* (however they are pleased to scoff at the word) set aside with a purpose of returning, if the translation did not proceed; and which nothing but an event as dreadful as it was unexpected, prevented me from *immediately* executing.

In a word, I never received to my own use a single sixpence of the subscription money for the translation of Juvenal, from the moment of its being announced, to that of its appearance! So stands my account with my subscribers: let us next see how theirs stands with me.

The work was originally proposed at sixteen shillings: it was to be a thin quarto, without notes, or introduction of any kind. It is now a large, and beautifully printed book,* with

* Mirum! the Reviewer, or rather the Reviler, allows this. " It is," quoth he, " a fairly printed book;" but this is Mr. Bulmer's praise, not mine.

much prefatory matter, and a body of notes more than equal in bulk to the text, and sells for a guinea and a half. This the subscribers of sixteen shillings have received, without any advance whatever; and amongst these are several of whose names I never heard, until they applied for their copies:—this, I hope, will be a sufficient answer to another offence with which I am maliciously charged—that of not printing a list; which I had no better means of doing than my calumniators:—the subscribers of eight shillings have had the same, and in many cases greater advantages; for several of them have trebled their advance money! the reader has now a faithful account of my nefarious attempt to pick the pockets of my benefactors.

I am next reminded that “in the relation of my adventures I omit to record that I had indulged my taste for other literary occupations, and published two virulent and vulgar paraphrases or travesties of Horace and Persius.” O that Baviad! this seems to have nothing to do with Bacchus, whatever it may with the Critical Reviewer, who forgets, in his turn, that “my adventures”—(I call them my no-adventures) terminated with my arrival in town.

If it were worth inquiry, (which it certainly is not,) I might ask why I am marked out for the persecution of these people. I have written some things which I have avowed, and more, which I have not—but not a line which I shall ever blush to own. I wrote, it is true, a satire, in which I introduced, as the Critic says, “naked names,” and amongst them most probably his own—*hinc iræ et lachrymæ*,—but from no unworthy motives; and I prefixed my own name to my strictures. My conduct, I trust, is

somewhat different from that of the lurking cowards of the Critical Review, who spring forward in the dark to stab the unsuspecting passenger, and then slink back, to revel over the assassination in gloomy security.

Add, that my satire was wholly levelled at the poetry of the Cruscan school. I reviled no man's person, I traduced no man's character, nor was it, till I was wantonly defamed by such as I had never injured, that I added a single name or circumstance to those first introduced.

"The literary treasures which Mr. G. has *rifled*, we have already unveiled," p. 14. No, Sir, you neither have nor can unveil them. Your ignorance confines you to the knowledge of such as I have casually specified, which form a very small part of the number consulted. The illiberal sneer conveyed in the word *rifle*, is worthy of you. I did my duty in applying to every source which promised assistance: let the merit rest with you and your gang, of terming a laborious and honest investigation of authorities, a robbery.

"The 16th Satire is entirely omitted. Does the *unsupported suspicion* that it is the work of an old scholiast, authorize Mr. G. to reject a composition which preceding editors, critics, and translators, British and foreign, have published as legitimate?" p. 15.

It was a maxim of the Stoics, that a fool could not thrust out his finger without demonstrating his folly; and the Critic before us, fully proves it. My words are: "With respect to the 16th Satire, Dodwell hesitates to attribute it to Juvenal; and indeed the old scholiast says that, in his time many thought it to be the work of a different hand," xxvii. Is this suspecting it to be the

work of an old scholiast? Shame on such conduct! fabrications, falsehoods, of every species, are exhausted to injure the reputation of a writer whose sole crime is that of exposing some conceited scribbler in the Baviad.

But is the "suspicion," that it was not written by Juvenal, "UNSUPPORTED?" I have Ruperti before me; and, without adverting to the improbability of the Critics understanding him, will extract a short passage for those who do. At the same time let me say, that I had read and maturely weighed all the authorities here advanced, before a syllable was written on the subject. "De auctore vero hujus satiræ (16mæ) jam olim fuere, qui addubitent. Schol. hæc adnotavit: 'Quidam dicunt non esse Juvenalis, sed ab ejus amico adpositam.' Vet. Schol. Pithœi. Illa a PLEBISQUE exploditur, et dicitur non esse Juvenalis. His adstipulantur Grotius, Rutgers. Barth. Plathnerus, Bahrdt et alii; sed refragantur Dempster, Scaliger, aliique multi. Neque hæc lis facile dirimenda est, (our booby of a Bavian sees no difficulty in this, or any thing else,) quum in utramque partem quædam, eaque satis gravia, disputari possint." Vol. II. 791. The conclusion from all this is, that the Reviewer is totally ignorant of what he so confidently prates about. A careless glance at a note, which he can scarcely read, is not sufficient to qualify him for criticizing a work of literature: I mention this for the sake of his employers: their cause, it is true, cannot be disgraced; but I am mortified to see them act as if they really thought it could.

"Conscious of meriting reproof, Mr. G. avows under the "shadow of a note," (the malicious insinuation here is ob-

vious: to those who have not seen the translation, however, it may be observed that the whole of what is said, not only of the 16th, but of every other Satire, is under "the shadow of a note!") that he would have presented a translation of it to the reader, if a friend had not disappointed him when it was too late to apply elsewhere, or to attempt it himself." "Conscious of meriting reproof!" Certainly I am conscious of no such matter: nor will I submit to receive it from an illiterate slanderer, who belies my authorities, and perverts my words. "Why he was too late to apply elsewhere, or to attempt it himself, he fails to inform us." p. 15. It may be done in three words; the fifteenth Satire was printed before I was aware of the disappointment: and the publisher was impatient for the delivery of the book, as the month of May was already commenced. Such is the simple story! and to such minutiae can the malevolence of one impertinent blockhead, frequently force an honest mind to descend.

In the next section it is insinuated that I consulted no authorities; but contented myself with moulding the collections made from original writers by—Dryden, Laharpe, and Dussaulx!!! The malice of this falsehood is happily counteracted by its inexpressible stupidity. He who can seriously talk of the original writers consulted by Dryden, Laharpe, and Dussaulx, may be boldly flung aside as one of those clamorous pretenders who infest literature on the score of being acquainted with catalogues and sale-rooms. From "the *elegant* Ruperti," who is every thing but *elegant*, and into whom this dashing coxcomb most assuredly never looked, I took nothing but a hint respecting the age of Lucretius, yet I spoke of him with gratitude; and may

reasonably flatter myself that what was said has not proved altogether unserviceable to him. From Laharpe I took even less than from Ruperti: from Dussaulx, whatever suited my purpose, which I have on every occasion fairly and openly avowed: and from Dryden—but he is in every one's hand.

Upon the whole, I charge the Reviewer with a deliberate and wicked falsehood. I consulted every original work which related to my subject: and, without an ostentatious display of literature, "moulded" my own collections, not "Dryden's," into what I hope was a plain, but not inelegant narrative. That it has been termed so by critics of a different description from this, is at once my pride and my reward.

We are now arrived at the translation. Review, Oct. p. 169.

"Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam,

"Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?"

"These lines display nothing low or colloquial." It will be well for the reader (as he will find ere long), to believe what the Critic shall prove, rather than what he shall assert. Of style he is grossly ignorant; he professes indeed a high-bred horror (very excusable in one of Mr. Hamilton's corps of "gentlemen") of what is low, but when he confounds it with what is colloquial, he carries the privilege of his "gentility" to a culpable excess. The truth is, that these two lines, though spirited and correct, are altogether colloquial! and even of their spirit, no small portion is derived from the bold termination of the second, in Codri; a happiness unattainable by an English translation.

"Mr. Gifford, coarse as Dryden, is inferior in brevity and

"spirit," p. 169. Coarse as Dryden! good: but the Critic blunders again. The fact seems to be that Dryden tried to render this passage in two lines, and failing to please himself, adopted the version of Stapylton. In two lines it will never be rendered with effect; for Holyday, who ambitiously labours to number line for line with Juvenal, and who frequently attains his object, by the aid of his barbarous monosyllables, is constrained to exceed his measure here.

" Shall I always be only a hearer? Shall I never repay, who am
" teized (vexatus), so often with the Theseis of the hoarse Codrus?

MADAN.

" Still shall I hear, and never quit the score,

" Stunn'd with hoarse Codrus' Theseid o'er and o'er :

DRYDEN.

" What! while with one eternal mouthing hoarse,

" Codrus persists, on my vex'd ear to force

" His Theseid, must I, to my fate resign'd,

" Hear, ONLY hear, and never pay in kind!"

GIFFORD.

"The alliterative cacophony of What! while with one, &c. the
" insupportable vulgarity of 'eternal mouthing,' the tame inter-
" polation of *must I*, (which, with the Critic's leave, is no "inter-
" polation") and the inelegance of *pay in kind*, startled us for a
" moment, but prepared us for subsequent froth and fustian."
p. 189.

So, Sir, you were startled at the *inelegance* of " pay in
kind!" Very possibly: it is however taken from one of the most

elegant poems of the most elegant poets that this country ever produced :

To some a dry rehearsal he assign'd,
And others, harder still ! he *paid in kind*. POPE.

Perhaps language does not furnish a happier combination of words, not only to express *reponam*, but the precise idea which occupied the mind of Juvenal :—and shall we be told by an obscure scribbler, who has crept into a degraded publication for the sake of venting his malice, that the choicest expressions of our correctest writers are coarse and vulgar, because his sottish ignorance conceives they originated with me !

“ Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus,—is thus rendered more intelligible.”—I must observe here, once for all, that the Critic has crowded his sagacious observations with italics, and notes of admiration, that no part of their poignancy may be lost : thus *more intelligible* ! is recommended to notice.

“ I too can write, and, at a pedant's frown,
“ Once pour'd my frothy fustian on the town.”

Would it be believed, unless we had the Critic's mark for it, that he imagines the translation of the line he quotes to be, “ I pour'd, &c. ?” yet it is really so. But I will drag you, Sir, from your lurking-place ; you shall find no resources for your malice in your suppressions ; no shelter for your ignorance in your mutilated quotations : every passage shall be given at full.

Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus, et nos
Consilium dedimus Syllæ privatus ut altum
Dormiret, &c.

And I therefore have withdrawn my hand from the ferule,
and I have given counsel to Sylla, that, a private man, soundly
he should sleep. MADAN.

Our hand then from the ferula we have
Withdrawn; advice we once to Sylla gave
To sleep retired and safe. HOLYDAY.

Provoked by these incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic schools;
Where, with men-boys, I strove to get renown,
Advising Sylla to a private gown. DRYDEN.

I would humbly ask whether any of these translations (however literal) convey, to an English reader, the drift of Juvenal's arguments. Conceiving, perhaps erroneously, that they did not, I was less solicitous to render the original word for word, than to give the general sense, and connect it with what immediately follows :

I TOO CAN WRITE : ONCE at a pedant's frown,
I pour'd my frothy fustian on the town,
And idly proved that Sylla, far from power,
Had pass'd, unknown to fear, the tranquil hour ;
Now, I resume my pen, &c.

The idle declamations to which the author alludes, such as,
Whether Hannibal should have marched to Rome? Whether

Sylla should, or should not have resigned the dictatorship? &c. had long been a serious grievance, and are spoken of with disgust by all the writers of Juvenal's time. As they were produced, however, in every rhetoric-school,—to have written them proved that the author had received some kind of education, and was, at least, as well qualified to write, as most of those who infested the town. This is the purport of the passage, and this I endeavoured to express. How it is done, is not mine to judge: but when a Reviewer, either through ignorance or malice, has the audacity to affirm with a sneer, that *et nos ergo manum* is translated, “I pour, &c.” it is perfectly competent for me to expose the perversity of his heart, or the invincible stupidity of his head. The short passage that answers to the quotation is, “Once, at a pedant's frown.”

“Causidici nova cum veniat lectica Mathonis

“Plena ipso,——

“When bloated Matho, in a new-built chair

“Stuft with himself, is borne abroad for air.

“That Matho was borne abroad for air *we* were first informed
 “by Dryden, whose gratuitous hemistich Mr. G. inserts; but
 “he omits an essential word, *causidici*, which glares before him
 “in the original text; while in a note he *wanders* to procure
 “evidence from the seventh satire that the gentleman followed
 “the profession of a lawyer.” p. 190.

Rats and mice and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year!

What infantine puling is this? It is the first time, perhaps, that an attempt to illustrate an author from himself, has fallen under the censure of criticism: the reader, however, shall have my "wanderings."

"Matho (as we find from the seventh Satire) originally followed the profession of a lawyer; but meeting, perhaps deserving, no encouragement, he fell into the extremes of poverty, and broke. He then turned informer; the dreadful resource of men of desperate fortunes and desperate characters. In this he seems to have been successful: he has a chair, which Juvenal takes care to tell us had not been long in his possession, and he is grown immoderately fat, for he fills it himself." p. 12. The reader now sees why the "essential word" *causidici*, which is not essential at all, is omitted. At this period, according to my ideas of the date of the satires, which are recorded at length, Matho was no lawyer; although the name might, and probably did, attach to him, as a term of contempt: to translate the word therefore, could only serve to mislead the English reader:—enough of this. To the heavy charge of adopting the hemistich from Dryden, I plead guilty; perhaps, Matho might be borne abroad for business; and as this is an affair of the utmost consequence, I will endeavour to ascertain it by the time of our next meeting:—meanwhile, with the Critic's permission, let me observe that when he says I have translated "*plena ipso* by "*bloated*," he says the thing which is not; *plena ipso*, still with submission, is translated, "*stuff'd with himself*;" which does not mean, as he shrewdly supposes, that the *man* was stuffed with himself, but that the "*chair*" was. And I am bold enough to

add, that if Juvenal had written in English, he would have varied little from this expression. The Critic, however, is so delighted with his sagacity, that he exclaims upon his own blunder, " Mr. Gifford over-*stuffs* us." Simpleton !

Soon shot, indeed, thy bolts are, but ne'er hit ;
Or short, or wide, is all thy squirting wit !

" Ex quo Deucalion, nimbis tollentibus æquor,
" Navigio montem ascendit, sortesque poposcit,
" Paullatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa,
" Et maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas :
" Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
" Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

" Count from the time since old Deucalion's boat
" Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnassus float,
" And, scarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
" An oracle how man might be restor'd,
" When soften'd stones, and vital breath ensu'd,
" And virgins naked were by lovers view'd.
" Whatever since that golden age was done,
" What human kind desire, and what they shun,
" Rage, passions, pleasures, impotence of will,
" Shall this satyrical collection fill. DRYDEN.

" E'er since Deucalion and his Pyrrha stood
" On old Parnassus, (by the general flood
" Uprais'd) and, taught by heaven, behind them threw
" Their mother's bones, that soften'd as they flew,

" Soften'd, and, with the breath of life made warm,
 " Assumed, by slow degrees, the human form;
 " Whatever wild desires have swell'd the breast,
 " Whatever passions have the soul possest,
 " Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Love, Hatred, Transport, Rage,
 " Shall form the motley subject of my page." GIFFORD.

This is said to be imperfect, incorrect, languid, careless, and prosaic; and, to be exceeded by Dryden. p. 190.

This is fair enough: but mark how I am overwhelmed with a torrent of criticism. " Mr. G. suffers the navigium to founder at sea, and leaves Deucalion drenched on Parnassus, deprived of his boat !!! " Bravo ! Mr. Hamilton " is blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed." But how is the navigium suffered to founder at sea? If Deucalion and Pyrrha were upraised by the flood, it is probable they were in it, otherwise they might have sunk with the rest of mankind. But is not this the very dregs of criticism? Is it necessary to render every word by a correspondent one; or when an obscure illusion is made to an old story, is it a crime worthy of hard language, to endeavour to illustrate it? But the facility with which such remarks are made, gives confidence to fools; and produces those spiteful drivellings, which, under the name of criticism, defile our literature. Suppose for a moment, that Dryden and I had changed places, and that this great man was to be insulted, reviled, and calumniated, for having exposed the ears of some Mac Flecknoe of a reviewer; how easily might this be done, and in the critic's own way !
 " Mr. Dryden suffers Deucalion *to sink at sea* (and probably the

hapless Pyrrha with him, for of *her* he says *nothing*!) and brings the *navigium* ALONE to Parnassus, deprived of both its passengers!!! WE need not remark how improbable it is, that the *navigium* should also *moor itself* "on the CLIFF"—*credat Judæus Apella!*—or that *it* should *implore* the Oracle how "man might be restored!" WE know that the woods of Dodona *were vocal*, but it remains with Mr. Dryden to prove that the *navigium* was actually built of *this timber*!!!"

Is not this "somewhat after the manner of Longinus!"

"But Mr. G. remains insensible to the sweetness of Paul-
"latim anima caluerunt mollia saxa; unexpectedly introducing
"his own Deucalion and Pyrrha, with their mother's bones
"——flying." p. 190.

In my younger days I got by heart a stanza made on a wretched succession of mayors in some Cornish town, and I am glad I yet remember it. "Let us cast away nothing," says Pandarus, "for we know not what use we may have for it:"

If thus we go on,
And from bad to worse run,
Who shall be elected next year?
To fill up the place
Of so worthy a race,
The Devil himself must be mayor!

Peter Pindar, Mr. ——! who will be the next?

After the flood had subsided, Deucalion and Pyrrha enquired of the Oracle, how mankind might be restored. They were answered, by throwing their mother's bones behind them. These,

after some consideration, they concluded to be the stones of their general mother, the earth; which they therefore picked up, and flung over their heads. The stones grew warm with life in their progress, and became men and women:—thus the world was repeopled. To this story, which is told at length by Ovid, Juvenal alludes: however familiar it might be to the Romans, it seemed necessary to open it a little to the English reader: and this is all my crime. Indeed, I had written a note on the passage, but suppressed it as superfluous:—that it was not so, is now apparent; since this “gentleman,” who has taken upon himself to review a work of ancient literature, is wholly ignorant of the circumstance. He supposes Deucalion and Pyrrha to be introduced by me, and represented (taking the words literally,) with “their mother’s softened “bones,”—in their hands, I suppose, “flying.” And this is criticism!

But Juvenal adds, Pyrrha shewed the naked females to the males, i. e. produced the women; (as her husband did the men;) this circumstance, as of no importance to the story, was passed over. The Critic however is determined to bring it forward, and he has the impudence to assert, that I omitted it through stupidity, not an innate sense of decency. I am “torpidly incurious, “not sensitively timid:” and, that the charge might not be overlooked, it is, as usual, put in italics. I despise alike the assertor and the assertion!—It is not a little singular, however, that the same line, from the omission of which occasion is taken to tax me with a predilection for impurity, is quoted by Rigakius to prove that Juvenal laughed at the superior sanctity of Deucalion

and Pyrrha, and considered the latter as no better than a procuress!

" ——— quid confert purpura majus
 " Optandum, si Laurenti custodit in agro
 " Conductas Corvinus oves? Ego possideo plus
 " Pallante et Licinis.

" Your boasted nobles! can they say as much?—
 " There's poor Corvinus, of patrician stock,
 " Tends, for a groat a day, a grazier's flock:
 " Tush, I can buy 'em all; &c.

" In this impure jargon speaks the freedman of Mr. Gifford.—
 " We invoke *the names of Phædrus*, for power to charm our
 " groveling versifier into a persuasion that the language of
 " emancipated slavery is not necessarily disgusting." p. 191.

This, I doubt not, was thought very clever by Mr. Hamilton;* but see on what fallacious foundations one fool builds up the reputation of another!

Because Phædrus,—where did the Critic hear of his name?—
 a man of modesty and learning, celebrated for the uncommon
 elegance of his style, and the ingenuity of his apologues, was a

* I should not have condescended to notice this man, if he had contented himself with being the vehicle of his agent's ribaldry: but when he comes forward (*as I know he does*) and insists on its being admired, he must not expect either his ignorance or his insignificance to screen him from the lash of contempt.

freedman, therefore his manes must be invoked to prove that the language of emancipated slavery is not necessarily disgusting. Gracious powers! to what a despicable pitch of barbarism must that country be reduced, where such ineffable stupidity as this, is suffered to pass for criticism!

It was this, among many other passages, that induced my friends to dissuade me from noticing what would only excite a momentary contempt by its rancour, or commiseration by its folly, and be forgotten for ever. That it would so, is certain: nay, it is already forgotten; and this consideration alone determined me to drag it forward once more to notice. It is not for the true interests of literature, that obtrusive and malicious blockheads should be forgotten:—they should be gibbeted for the scorn of wise men, and the terror of fools. This has been always my opinion, and I rejoice when a name, whose impotence would not have preserved its rancour from oblivion for a day, is snatched from the gulph, and hung aloft *in terrorem*. Were this to be more frequently done, we should have fewer impertinent scribblers, and no Critical Reviews.

I return from the digression into which the stupid analogy attempted to be made out between the rude and unmannerly gabble of the ignorant, insolent, and boastful upstart of Juvenal, and the refined language of the modest Phædrus seduced me; his manes, I trust, will be henceforth left to their repose: if the Critic have any farther invocations to make on the subject, Plautus, or Terence, or at worst Horace, may serve his turn.

" Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
 " Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
 " Criminibus, tacita sudent præcordia culpa.
 " Inde iræ et lacrymæ, &c.

" But when Lucilius brandishes his pen
 " And flashes in the face of guilty men,
 " A cold sweat stands in drops on every part,
 " And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart.
 " Muse be advis'd; &c. DRYDEN.

" But when Lucilius, fired with virtuous rage,
 " Nerves his bold arm to scourge an impious age,
 " The conscious villain shudders at his sin,
 " And burning blushes speak the pangs within:
 " Cold drops of sweat from every member roll,
 " And growing terrors harrow up his soul.
 " Then tears of shame, and dire revenge succeed. GIFFORD

" *Scourge* is less dreadful than unsheathed falchion; tacita
 " culpa evaporates in paraphrase," &c. p. 191. This taking a
 sentence to pieces, and commenting on the abstract meaning of
 every word, is the wretched trick of such feeble scribblers as
 have not sufficient powers of mind to comprehend and carry with
 them the meaning of a whole sentence. The Critic, indeed, seems
 inclined to overlook my version of Infremuit, " as our language
 is perhaps inadequate to its force." Nugæ! see how all this may
 be amended; not indeed in rhyme, but in blank verse; in which
 I would advise all future translations of Juvenal to be made.

Oft as Lucilius, ardent, with drawn sword,
Hath roar'd aloud, reddens the auditor,
To whom a mind is cold with crimes, *to whom (subaud.)*
A midriff sweats with silent faults! Hence ires,
And tears——

Indeed Madan has nearly rendered all such attempts superfluous; and I congratulate the Critic on the persevering delight with which he appears to grovel over him.

“As with a drawn sword, as often as Lucilius, ardent *raged*,” here the “language is inadequate!”—the hearer reddens, who has a mind frigid with crimes.—Euge! what would the world have more?

With the “general” condemnation that follows I shall not meddle. My object is not to defend the translation, but to shew the incompetence of the Critic, whose inveterate malignity, by the way, would utterly disqualify him for a judge, were he abundant in the talents of which he has so “plentiful a lack.”

“After the *strictest revision* by a priest, a barrister, and a “bookseller combined son linge sale à blancher, his sheets, in a “single poem, are sullied by numerous spots.” p. 192. Not to say that I afford (at least I conceive so) a solitary instance of an author’s being insulted for the language of gratitude, I must observe, that in pretending to quote my words, they are guilty for the twentieth time, of a wanton perversion:—in plain language, a lie. For these “conscientious” Critics, who *set down nothing in malice*, have no objection to fabricate what they cannot find, to serve their “honest” purposes. I boast, indeed, that Mr.

Ireland revised the translation; but of Mr. Moore, I "lament," (for that is my word,) that he only saw it in its progress through the press;—indeed, the last four satires were never submitted to him: and of Mr. G. Nicol,—but will either of these gentlemen thank me for attempting to screen them from the attack of a despicable hireling, whose forgery is as apparent as his malice; and whose profligacy is lost in his stupidity?

"Wit is admitted as responsive to yet." It is so by Pope and Dryden in numerous instances; and if it were not, it is nothing to me, for the "responsiveness" is not only not to be found in the first satire, as the Critic asserts, but in no part of the book! "feast to guest:" What of that?

How pale each worshipful, each reverend guest;

Rise from a clergy, or a city feast!

POPE.

and so in a thousand couplets that I could quote: "raise to "please;" this is a bad rhyme: it is, indeed, an oversight of the transcriber, which was not discovered till the whole was printed: this, however, the Critic could not know, and his reproof is, therefore, just. "Freight, weight, and heat, are inserted as a triplet! In ten consecutive lines *one* couplet alone is correct." p. 192. I will quote the passage; for by this time, I suppose, the reader's faith in the Critic's assertions is somewhat weakened:

Who call'd, of old, so many seats his own,
Or on seven sumptuous dishes supp'd alone?
Then plain, and open, was the frugal feast,
And every client was a bidden guest;

Now for the scanty dole aloof they wait,
 Nay, scramble for it at the outward gate.
 And first the porter, trembling for his place,
 Walks round and round, and pries in every face;
 Lest, strangers to the patronage you claim,
 You take the largess in a borrow'd name; p. 21.

"The poetic license is employed with harshness. Our ears,"
 —hide them, good Critic! "are mortally wounded with,

"Hath trimm'd the exuberance of this sounding beard."

I cannot even now, that the "gentleman" hath so kindly held up
 his farthing candle, discover what there is in this line to wound
 his ears to death. It is given, as the note declares, as an imita-
 tion of the mock-heroic of the original,

Quo tondente gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat,

and I feel no inclination to change it.

In quoting this obnoxious line the Critic has committed two
 errors; one maliciously, to make nonsense of it; the other
 — it matters not why; in the next, only one: "Still as he
 runs he refines," and may prove "honest" at last. To encour-
 age him I will relieve "his grammatical feelings," and instead
 of

When he hopes! presumptuous! a command!

allow him to read in future,

When he, presumptuous! hopes for a command.

But what would the Critic have? To make amends for the
 "tameless and stupidity" of my version;

When he, who oft, since manhood first appeared,
 Hath trimm'd the exuberance of this sounding beard;

I favoured him with Holyday's,

One whose officious scizzars went snip, snip,
 As he my troublesome *young* beard did clip.

I now add Stapylton's,

—one,
 Who to my *youthful* beard, offensive grown,
 Correction with his nimble razor gave.

And Dryden's

—by his wealth outvy'd,
 Whose razor on my *callow* beard was try'd.

Humbly hoping, that one or all of those may close the *mortal wound* in his ear, made by the "grinding sword" of my *harshness*, I proceed to ask him whether he understands the passage? If he does; I will then add, though at the hazard of being again taxed with "presumption," that he is more fortunate than any of the former translators, who have not at all entered into the sarcastic allusion of the original, which is *only*, I repeat it, *only* touched upon in my "execrable" translation! "Work upon that now," as Goldwire says.

"In his notes, which are drawn from sources of easy access,

"the phrassology is contemptibly colloquial:" but how is this made out?—very easily. And this is the process! I beseech the reader to mark it. The Critic ranges over six hundred closely printed quarto pages (twelve hundred in the present mode of printing) and collects the following fragments:

| | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|
| Smack. | Not a whit. |
| Sad to see. | Might be shuffled off. |
| What signifies it. | To be plain. |
| As every one knows. | A great deal. |
| Bring forward. | Without going too far. And |
| Cannot away with. | We fancy. |

I am willing to take the Critic's word (though I will not do it on every occasion), and allow that all these are to be found in the translation; for in truth I have not the courage to examine, nor was such a task, I believe, ever undertaken before. But what is the object of all this laborious thrashing for chaff? Are not the same words, and combinations of words, to be found in every book that issues from the press? So the simple reader might naturally exclaim: but he knows little of the Critic's cunning. Surely his mother "called him Solomon in his childhood!" He takes these remote scraps, strings them together, and produces, what he is pleased to call, a specimen of Mr. Gifford's prose! Here it is, as it stands in the Review: for—*to be plain—what signifies it—when—sad to see—we—cannot away with—a great deal—*of his verse—*not a whit—*less familiar—our duty—*as every one knows—might be shuffled off—yet—as we don't sleep*

for every body—we fancy—we cannot refuse to—bring forward—glaring defects—without going a little too far!!!* p. 192.

Is this criticism, or the malicious grin of a conceited idiot? But he, poor wretch, is wonderfully tickled with it, and exclaims, in the pride of his heart, that the “expressions marked in italic characters may convince the reader how strongly Mr. G. *smacks* of vulgarity, and confirms, by his example, how long one that smells of the stall keeps the scent!”

In a foolish puff just issued by Mr. Hamilton, to call the attention of the public to his rickety Review, he is pleased to take credit for the “*dignified liberality*” of its criticisms. Is this a specimen of it?

Why all this outrageous hostility? I spoke with candour of my predecessors; I do not mean that mawkish good-nature, which never introduces a name without the epithets excellent, admirable, &c. for that to me has an appearance of silliness, but with decent freedom, more ready to praise than to blame; and solicitous, above all things, of truth. I did not think I had provoked a single enemy,—no, not even the ferocious hordes of the Critical Review, whose abuse, notwithstanding, I anticipated with equal certainty and contempt. But I am “presumptuous,” it seems: *hinc iræ!* When I have had occasion to mention myself, or my publication, it has been done with manly modesty. Assuredly, it was never in my mind to come sneakingly forward,

* Of all these detached pieces I recollect but this one. It is a translation of a Latin proverb, “*non omnibus dormio* :” and the object was to render it (as all proverbs should be rendered) by a familiar expression of correspondent import. It is given in the notes, p. 16, as a proverb, and nothing more; this the Critic had the honesty (to use his own language,) to suppress.

and sue for praise in forma pauperis; nor, on the other hand, was I disposed to submit in silence to wanton defamation, and gratuitous injustice. On this latter account, I now inform the Reviewer, that in asserting the notes on Juvenal to be "drawn from sources of easy access," he is either deliberately false, or ignorantly presumptuous: I incline to the last supposition, for a more poverty-struck scribbler never disgraced the press.

I have yet a word to say on the notes: to attempt a refutation of the charge of "vulgarity" would be superfluous; it is only brought against them by this Critic: by writers of a different stamp, the language in which they are composed is said to be light, elegant, and easy.

Since my dear soul was mistress of herself,
And could of books distinguish——

I have been principally conversant with those of the best age of English literature: I shall not, perhaps, gain much credit for judgment, in saying that the period to which I allude is from the last years of Elizabeth to the death of James. I know it is now an inveterate custom to sneer at the name of James; and that every witling thinks himself competent to scoff at his witches, his tobacco-blasts, and his dog stenie: but the age I have mentioned produced something better than all these; and, amongst the rest, great masters of a style pure, copious, elegant, nervous, flowing, light, airy, and harmonious. These I have studied: if without profit, it is not from want of industry, but of ability; and I never could perceive, either that they shunned the use of familiar phrases, and such as were employed in ordinary

conversation ; or, that if they did, their language was much improved by it.

This had not escaped the observation of Dryden. Every reader—I speak from my own feelings ; but I presume that every reader of his prose works, has experienced a sweetness that hung upon his mind ; a nameless something that operated as a spell, and seduced him onward. The principal agent in this powerful necromancy is the frequent and judicious interspersion of words and phrases in common use. In extent and variety of learning, Dryden is surpassed by many ; in consistency and truth, by more. Less is to be gleaned from his criticisms than a careless reader would imagine ; yet what reader of taste ever laid him down without regret. If this be true of his prose, it is no less so of his verse : “ truth,” as Shakspeare says, “ is truth to the end of the reckoning ;” it cannot therefore be more true ; but certainly the poetry of Dryden has a greater portion of colloquial language diffused through it, than his prose. How much of the irresistible sweetness of his fables arises from this cause ! the mind is insensibly led on : it is soothed, it is lulled into a delicious languor by terms familiar to it ; by combinations which are instantly acknowledged ; not jolted and startled, as in some of the admired writings of the present day, where harsh and affected inversions encumber every page. It is as pleasant to dance barefoot over Derbyshire spar, as to pore upon many of our popular compositions, which, like the prose of Gibbon,* and

* Accustomed to think for myself ; I have a kind of contempt for a cockatoo critic, who merely repeats another’s words. In the introductory sentence to this egregious Review, my “ self-complacency,”—G— knows why—unless it be that

the poetry of Darwin are stuck full of points and sparkles, that dazzle and confound the sight no less than the judgment.

To return to the Critical Reviewers. A compliment to Juvenal gives occasion to fresh insults on his unfortunate translator. "Mr. Gifford—*good man—in the simplicity of his heart*—is "rarely—*guilty of the crime of POETRY.*" With this deplorable attempt at wit ends the list of my "merits." They are *at length* arrived, they say, at my "defects, which crowd upon them in "such overwhelming multitudes, that to pass through them "without cursory animadversion is impracticable." Nov. 321.

What were the difficulties of "passing through" the crowded streets of Rome (so fully depicted in the third Satire,) compared to those of my miserable Critic !

—ferit hic cubito, ferit assere duro

Alter, at hic tignum capiti incutit, ille metretam ;

but his shoulders are broad, and his scull of a comfortable thickness !

The first "defect" is a superabundance of indecency. In every other part Mr. G. has not so much "translated as travestied" Juvenal, "but in his indelicacies, he has rendered him with

our names begin with the same letter, is said to be scarcely exceeded by that of the luminous "Gibbon." The *luminous* Gibbon ! He is indeed luminous, to such as bring to his work a greater portion of information than himself possessed ; but is he so to this purblind Reviewer ! The luminous Gibbon, in short, is one of the obscurest writers in the English language, affectedly so :—hints, inuendos, paraphrastic designations occur in every page of his latter volumes ; and unless the reader be previously acquainted with the subject, he will seldom know about whom, or what, the author is writing.

“ licentious fidelity. Even this,” it adds, “ might be pardoned ;
 “ but when he complacently enlarges on subjects of nauseating
 “ crapule”—what stuff is this !—“ Mr. G. *saving his reverence*,
 “ must be reminded, &c. His vain affectation of delicacy ill
 “ atones for profanely introducing the crucifixion of the divine
 “ founder of Christianity to elucidate a frightful narrative of
 “ heathen debaucheries.” 321.

By what authority does this man assert that my respect for delicacy is either vain or affected ? Let him look to himself ; every word that he has here set down is a gross and wilful perversion of the truth. Far from profanely introducing the crucifixion, I have mentioned it with deep-felt awe ; and instead of elucidating the profane by the sacred narrative, endeavoured (as the most pious and learned biblical commentators of all ages have done,) to elucidate the sacred by the profane ; the only, or, at least, the chief object for which heathen literature merits to be sedulously explored ! And what will the reader say, when he learns that “ this frightful narrative of debauchery ” is neither less nor more than mingling myrrh or some similar perfume with wine ? But I will give the passage : the Critic, as is already said, shall find no subterfuge for his malicious falsehoods in studied suppression.

Cum perfusa mero spumant unguenta Falerno.

“ And froths with unguents her Falernian cups.

“ This most extravagant custom of pouring precious ointments into wine, and drinking them off together, is mentioned in terms of great indignation by the elder Pliny.” Extracts (but of the

most inoffensive nature) are then given from him, from Martial, Ælian, &c. and the note proceeds thus ; “ it is not very easy to conceive the motives for this singular practice, to which I have just alluded. Savage nations, it is well known, are fond of having recourse to the most nauseous mixtures for the sake of procuring a temporary delirium : strong infusions of aromatic ointments in wine are said to produce giddiness : and it is not altogether improbable, but that this corrupt and profligate people (as the extremes of barbarism and refinement sometimes meet) might be influenced by considerations of a similar nature, to adopt so disgusting and extravagant an expedient, for the mere purpose of accelerating and heightening the effects of intoxication.

“ *I would not lightly introduce sacred matters ;* but I wish to observe here, that the Jews were accustomed to give condemned persons a draught of *wine and myrrh*. This is apparent from the last scene of our blessed Saviour’s life. St. Mark calls the wine which they gave him, *εσ μυρρινη μενον οινον* (wine prepared with myrrh). This was according to the usual practice ; and the merciful purpose of it was to stupify the feelings of the sufferer.” Juv. 197.

What is there here profanely introduced ! These are charges that I will not hear in silence, even from this miserable agent of malevolence. That I can “ neither write verse nor prose,” I would as soon be told by him as by another ; I have heard it all and more from Parsons and Jerminham, from Morley and Weston ; and though it might discompose my muscles, it never disturbed the serenity of my mind—but, to tax me with impiety in the face of my own proofs to the contrary, is extending the licence of the “ society” to rail, insult, calumniate, and belie, somewhat too far !

The next charge is of the same nature. I have "dwelt on a "detestable passage, and indulged my fondness for nauseating crapule" in a note on the ninth Satire. The *detestable passage*, which is fortunately pointed out, is, candelam apponere valvis; the *crapulous note* follows.

"As I would have the reader pass over this satire as lightly as possible, I have studiously avoided detaining him by notes, &c. I cannot, however, resist the temptation of laying before him *one short* specimen of the *perverse* pruriency of the old critics. What I have translated "fire," is, in the original, candelam apponere valvis, a *simple* phrase, *hardly possible* to be *misunderstood*, for setting a house on fire: yet hear D. Calderinus; candelam apponere valvis, i. e. produci, hoc supplicii genus notavit Catullus:

Ah, tum te miserum malique fati,
Quem attractis pedibus, patente porta,
Percurrent raphanique, mugilesque.

Patentem portam dixit Catullus, ut valvam Juvenalis. Upon which Britannicus remarks with surprising gravity; domum accendere adhibita candela; hoc magis placet quam ut intelligas candelam per inferiora immissam: illud enim minime letale esset, supplicium." p. 316.

This "nauseating crapule," as the reader sees, is in Latin, so that no great injury can accrue from it to those for whom the translation was chiefly made. But it is time to be serious: the *note* is *perfectly innocent*, and might be presented to the purest mind, without exciting a shadow of disgust. It relates to a species of

punishment for adulterers, mentioned not only by Juvenal, but by almost every writer in the Greek and Roman languages. If it did not contain a play on words which have no correspondent relation in English, I would translate it.

As Nævolus could entertain no fears of a punishment of this nature, it is obvious that the words "perverse pruriency" allude to the inveterate itch of commenting, which could produce so absurd a meaning from a plain and simple passage; and to nothing more. But the Critic, seeing the word *pruriency*, and unable to read the rest of the note, imagined that he had found a mare's nest; and, with the conceited complacency of his brother blockhead in the play, exclaimed. "Call up the right master Constable:" call up Mr. Hamilton; "we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth!"

This is the favourable side of the Critic's conduct: if he could read the note, he is the most infamous miscreant that ever disgraced himself in the Critical Review;—et c'est beaucoup dire.

Not content with this, he immediately adds, in his vile jargon, that "the translator seems to trace a labyrinth of disgust con amore." p. 321. Say you so, Sir?—To such unprovoked attacks what fitting return can be made? That you are a fool and a liar is abundantly proved; let me now add——If you will permit Mr. Hamilton to pull the crape from your face, I will speak out; but as you have the gloomy ferocity, so you have the guilty cowardice, of the footpad; and I shall never know you.

We now come again to the poetry—no, not poetry, but to

"the vulgar prose" divided into lines of ten or twelve syllables :
the couplet,

" O for an eagle's wings! for I could fly
" To the bleak regions of the polar sky,

" is, forsooth, no fortunate commencement". 321.

The delicacy of this paltry scribbler is so exquisite, that he trembles lest the word "forsooth" should be attributed to him, and therefore carefully marks it as a quotation. But has the reader discovered the "uncommon carelessness" which the Critic "discerns" in these lines? If he has, I honestly confess his sagacity to be greater than mine. Perhaps Dryden's version may assist him in the search :

I'm sick of Rome, and wish myself convey'd .
Where freezing seas obstruct the merchant's trade.

I should however do the Critic an injury, if I failed to inform the reader that the passage above quoted is meant for wit! should this too escape him, the writer will be peculiarly unfortunate :

By his curs'd stars, doom'd all his life in vain
To struggle with a stranguary of brain.

"The spirited line,

" Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?

" Who could bear the Gracchi complaining of sedition? is thus
" diluted,

“ ———all must hear, the while,
 “ The Gracchi rail at faction, with a smile.”

This is not very animated, it must be confessed ; and, indeed, if this, and a hundred other passages, had been pointed out by a man of sense, in the true spirit of criticism, I should have kissed the rod in silence, and bent all my faculties to improve by the correction ; but when an illiterate bully, like the present, mingles obloquy and insult with his critical remarks, he excites no feelings but those of disgust and aversion, unless where he is happily secured from both by contempt. The observation, such as it is, had been anticipated by others, long before the Critic picked it up ; but the artifice of altering the pointing in order to make the passage nonsense, is exclusively his own.

The next couplet is reprobated on account of the frequent recurrence of the W. If I fall into alliteration, it is accidentally ; the most incurious reader may see that my writings are not remarkable for a gratuitous display of rhetorical figures ; but as I do not affectedly seek, so neither do I squeamishly avoid them. Assuredly I shall never reject a proper word, because that immediately preceding it begins with the same letter. If a cacophony be produced, it is a fit subject for reprehension : but of this, with “ reverence” be it said, I think myself, at least, as good a judge as the Critic :—this, indeed, is not saying much ; for with one so completely ignorant of English literature, I do not remember to have met. It is but fair, however, to quote the passage to which he objects.

" Why Wait We? &c.

" Do We, &c."

Sat. II. 176.

Would the reader believe, if he had not already witnessed the infamous conduct of this man, that he has *altered the lines* to serve his detestable purpose, and that they stand thus in the translation?

Why wait They? &c.

Do They, &c. !!!

Is this " setting down nothing in malice?" What think you of it, Mr. Hamilton?

O Proceres, censore opus est, an haruspice nobis?

O ye nobles, have we occasion for a censor, or for a soothsayer?

MADAN.

In the translation of this passage the Critic's indignation is kindled at the repetition of the word *do*; he has heard it termed an expletive; and therefore concludes it can never be any thing more—but *do* is sometimes emphatic:

And do we now, O Peers, a censor need,

Or an aruspex!—

So the passage is given by me: the Critic, whose end it would not fully answer in this form, has again recourse to his "honest" arts, and falsifies the line! He prints,

" And do we *not*, O Peers, a censor need,

" Or an Aruspex! Do *not*, &c."

p. 322.

By which two excellent objects are attained ; first, the passage is made very much like nonsense ; and secondly, as *not* appears in the second line, it gives a greater air of " carelessness" to the translation ; and both together tend admirably to prove, as before, that " nothing is set down in malice."

" The mighty Mr. G. *does*"—what is become of the Critic's horror of expletives, so prevalent in the last sentence? " The " mighty Mr. G. *does* not condescend to applaud Johnson's imitations in his notes either to the third or to the tenth Satire." p. 322.

Why the mighty Mr. G. ? Is it another specimen of that " dignified liberality," by which, as Mr. Hamilton assures us, the Critical Review is distinguished!

It is possible to tell a lie in the words of truth, and this " gentleman" is a proficient in the mystery. If he intended to convey any meaning, it *must* be, that through vanity, or some worse motive, all mention of Johnson's imitations is omitted. Of such translations of Juvenal as I was acquainted with, I spoke with unaffected liberality ; but of the innumerable modernizations of the author, it never was my design to treat. Yet this " honest" Critic (I cannot repeat the words too often) KNEW that I had frequently mentioned Johnson, and with the respect due to his name ; nay, what is still more, that I had spoken of his imitations, in the only place where it could be done with propriety ; in the Essay on Satire. There, after several quotations from him, I add, " Johnson knew Juvenal well. The peculiarity, he says, of this author, is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur.—A good idea of it

may be formed from *his own beautiful imitation of the third satire*. His imitation of the tenth, (*still more beautiful as a poem*) has scarcely a trait of the author's manner." * p. lxi. With this passage, and several others staring him in the face, could the Critic descend to the baseness of insinuating that "the mighty Mr. Gifford has not deigned to notice Johnson!"—And this too, "is setting down nothing in malice."

" Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio : librum

" Si malus est, nequeo laudare, et poscere.

" What can I do at Rome? I know not how to lie : if a poem
" be bad, I am not able to praise, and ask for a copy of it.

MADAN.

" What's Rome to me, what bus'ness have I there?

" I, who can neither lie, nor falsely swear :

" Nor praise my patron's undeserving rhymes,

" Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times. DRYDEN

" What should I do at Rome? I know not, I,

" To cog and flatter; I could never lie;

" Nor, when I heard a great man's verses, smile,

" And beg a copy, if I thought them vile." GIFFORD.

To this there are numerous objections. The first is the reduplication of the pronoun, which is styled "an inelegance." To the Critic who has no other ideas of elegance than those

* That is to say, of that "mixture of gaiety and stateliness" which, according to his own definition, constitutes the "peculiarity of Juvenal." Johnson's tenth Satire, admirable as it is, is uniformly severe, and without those light and popular strokes of sarcasm which abound so much in the third.

which he has gleaned in the school of Crusca, it may appear so ; to me, whose studies have taken a different direction, it has no such aspect. It is to be found in all our ancient writers, and from Shakspeare alone, I could, if it were necessary, bring as many examples as would fill the page. That it may be obsolete is granted : but the question, and one which it requires talents somewhat above the Critic's to determine, is, whether it deserves to be so ; and whether, at a moment when our language is polluted and debased by quaint and affected neologisms, it may not be excusable to attempt the revival of some part, at least, of the old and genuine simplicity.

The Critic's delicacy, however, reminds me of that of the poor savages of New Holland, who snuffed up the odour of rotten blubber with great delight, but turned with every mark of abhorrence from the smell of wholesome bread : " subjects of nauseating crapule " he swallows with avidity ; but " I know not, I," absolutely turns his stomach.

The next objection is to "*cog*." " Mrs. Ford," says Falstaff, " I cannot *cog*," I cannot wheedle ;—is this sufficient ? but the Critic, perhaps, was dreaming of *cogging* a wheel or a die !—The third is to the word *lie* ; it is a very good word ; and I hope I have applied it properly, not only here, but elsewhere.

So much at present for his English : come we now to his Latin. " Inelegance here is only exceeded by tameness, the " single word *poscere*, swells into two lines." p. 322. *Poscere*, is literally translated into "*beg a copy* ;" two words instead of two lines ! Ah, Sir !—but to be serious : if you are not the last of fools, you must be the first of knaves. I believe, in my conscience,

you are both; and am sometimes sorry that I ever dirtied my fingers with you.—But that you should escape with impunity!—no! I cannot bear that.

“ Exeat, inquit,

“ Si pudor est, et de pulvino surgat equestri

“ Cujus res legi non sufficit; et sedeant hic

“ Lenorum pueri quocunque in fornice nati.

“ Up! Up! those cushion'd benches, Lectius cries,

“ Are not for such as you: for shame! arise.”——

“ Not such?”—but you say well; the pander's heir,

The spawn of bulks and stews, is stationed there.

“ This flippancy is intolerable.”

It consists, as the reader sees, in rendering Quocunque in fornice nati, “ the spawn of bulks and stews.” The Critic, who construed the passage by his vocabulary, *nati* born, *in* in, *quo-cunque* whatever, *fornice* vault, is justly enraged at this, and lays about him in a surprising manner. Let not the English reader, however, make himself miserable about it; he may be assured that my “ flippancy,” is not greater than that of Juvenal; who could not have found terms more expressive of his contempt for this generation of “ low-born, cell-bred,” upstarts, than those he uses, and I have *faithfully* translated. “ But amidst his bulks and stews, Mr. Gifford forgets his more serious business, “ and deprives the English reader of Cujus res legi non sufficit.”

If it were so, it were a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it;

H

Not to observe that the whole of this passage is explained in a very long historical note; it may be sufficient to mention, that the sense of the hemistich he regrets, is to be found only two lines below those he quotes. Does the "learned" Critic think that I translated Juvenal as he read him, with an *ordo verborum* in my hand!

"But Mr. G. follows preceding translators principally in "faults. We exemplify by an amusing specimen." I am glad, Sir, you can be so amused:

Joy in your flippant folly, and remain
A simpering blockhead, impotent and vain.

"Lectus erat Codrus Procula minor. Juvenal remarks only "that the bed of Codrus was too short* for Procula." Was ever man so correct? *lectus* a bed, *erat* was, *Codrus* to *Codrus*, *minor*, too short, *Procula* for Procula. Euge! the ushers of Camberwell, and Walham-Green can do nothing like this. "This translator "imitating Holyday"—Mr. Hamilton may thank me, perhaps, for hinting, that it will be adviseable for his "society of gentle-
"men" to steer clear of Holyday—"measures the lady also,
"and adds that Codrus had no other bed."

Codrus had but one bed, and that more short
Than his short wife, &c.

* Too short! the absurd gravity with which this poor creature delivers his modicums of wisdom, is truly laughable. He sees *minor* rendered *too short* in our versions, and therefore pompously affirms it to be so.—The real meaning however, (as every one knows,) is *too small*—probably to hold himself and Procula. The translators saw the poet's drift, of which, the Critic has in no instance, obtained a single glimpse; and to aggravate the poverty of Codrus, exchanged one ridiculous circumstance for another. This is all.

The notion that Codrus had but one bed, then, is mine in your "reverend" judgment! I am peculiarly circumstanced with the Critical Reviewers. If there be a wretch in the kingdom profligate above the common rate, he is hired to traduce my character; if there be a day-hack, ignorant and brutal beyond credibility, he is selected to abuse my works. If Codrus had more beds than one, what becomes of his poverty?—but this is trifling: there is not a school-boy in the kingdom, who does not know that the words *lectus erat Codro*, *have, nay can have no other meaning* than that which I have given them.

With respect to the height of his wife, I will not, as Panurge says, put my fingers in the fire about it. I never measured her, notwithstanding the Critic's assertion; no more, perhaps, did he. —All I can say on this momentous affair is, that the commentators and translators, out of wantonness perhaps, have generally agreed in taking the name for a diminutive:—but something may be learned from a fool, especially from a meddling fool: If I live to reprint the translation for "his short wife," I will say Procula.

"To the ear of Bavius alone can *share* and *war*, *past* and "*chaste*, *care* and *bar*, amidst a maze of sounds linked in equal "*harmony*, seem sweetest unisons." p. 234. This jargon is not easily understood: if all, however, that is meant by it be, that the rhymes here adduced are not sweetest unisons, it is freely granted: but by what poet were they ever rejected on that account? By none that I know; and yet I may boast, without vanity, of an acquaintance with them, somewhat more extensive than the Critic's. However this be, I am a hardened offender*

* The Critic adds, "under the shadow of a note," "We must attempt to shame Mr. G. by a discovery that, in four hundred, more than one hundred

in these cases; and should no more think of rejecting such rhymes as *past* and *chaste* in a work of length, than of taking the Critic's opinion on this or any other subject. In a sonnet I might be more nice; nay, were I even to publish two riddles and an acrostic, like Mr. Parsons, I might perhaps look round for more perfect tags: but in a collection of satires, a collection too of six thousand lines, better objects may justly occupy the writer's attention, and nobler game the Critic's, than such miserable minutiae. Not so, thinks the "gentleman" of the Critical Review: he absolutely foams at the mouth; and, as he cannot wound me with his teeth, madly attempts to fling his slaver over me. These examples, he cries, "will excite every scholar to hope that fortune may rather reduce this élève of Crispin to his ancient craft, than allow that he should" write again. p. 324.

This was so imperiously called for by the occasion, is so much in the spirit of true criticism, and so exquisite a specimen of that "dignified liberality," which distinguishes Mr. Hamilton's Review, that I think it but justice to the "gentlemanly" feelings which dictated it, to observe, once for all, that if with my present means, whatever they be, I subject myself to the power of "fortune," I not only deserve to be reduced to my "ancient craft," but, what I consider as infinitely more degrading, to write like this poor wretch, for bread, or rather for infamy, in the Critical Review.

"and fifty pages are incorrect in the circumstance of rhyming!" I must attempt to shame the Critic in my turn, by "discovering" that Mr. Bulmer's devil, (for all his journeymen turned with ineffable scorn from the dirty job,) affirmed, on his honour, that after a close examination of several days, with Trusler's rhymes in his hand, he could find but one hundred and forty nine! Who now will trust the Critic?

All this fury is lavished on the translation of the third Satire. In an unobtrusive note, (p. lxiv.) I ventured to observe it was "the only one which had escaped alteration." Twenty years after it was written,* it was found amongst Mr. Ireland's papers, copied from my school-exercise; and I confess—to my shame, as the Critic will affirm—that I felt a slight visitation of pride, in printing it "with all its imperfections on its head." I said to myself, some generous spirit, some liberal protector of indigent industry struggling with difficulties in the laborious pursuit of knowledge, may be curious—may be pleased, perhaps, to see what could be done after an education of eighteen months, by the help of such poor aids, as a country school of no reputation, could supply. All this I thought; but I made no parade of it, not even to my dearest friend: nor would the circumstance have been ever mentioned by me, had not the Reviewer with an ungenerous and unfeeling triumph over my situation, dragged forward this very satire, and commented upon it with all the virulence of insolent brutality, as an impartial specimen of Mr. Gifford's general manner.

" ————— tristes .

" Personam, thyrsunque.tenent.

" we observe most curiously *amplified* :

" Sicken for business, and assume the airs,

" The dress, and *so forth,—of their favourite play'rs.*" p. 171.

* Yet the Critic has the "honesty" to print in italics, that this very satire cost me, in my own words, "twenty years solicitude"!!! This is so much like a trick of Mr. Parsons in his observations on the *Mæviad*, (see p. 24,) that I am almost tempted to cry out, aut P. aut Diabolus! Yet Mr. Parsons, I am informed, has been at school lately; he cannot therefore be so grossly ignorant as my Reviewer, and must stand acquitted of this egregious performance.

What you have observed, Sir, you have told: I have now somewhat to observe, in my turn;—It is that you have, with deliberate baseness, sunk that part of the original to which the passage marked alludes. In Juvenal it stands thus:

“ _____ tristes

“ Personam thyrsūque tenent, et subligar Acci.

This “*subligar of the player*,” which Holyday translates a *truss*, Stapylton, a *c—piece*, and Dryden *borrowed breeches*, I passed over, as the reader sees, little solicitous of rendering word for word, where the general sense was sufficiently expressed. Yet could this “honest” Critic, with the verse before him, stop short in the midst, and, between a subterfuge and a lie, stammer out that I had *amplified* the part he had quoted, though he knew the words printed in italics, belonged to what he had suppressed!

I am now sneered at, and for the third or fourth time, for “boasting” of having raised Juvenal. It is necessary to explain this.

The passage beginning, Nam præter pelagi casus, &c. is thus translated:

First from a cloud that heav'n all o'er-cast,
With glance so swift the subtle lightning past
As split the sail yards; trembling, and half dead
Each thought the blow was levell'd at his head.
The flaming shrouds so dreadful did appear,
All judg'd a wreck could no proportion bear.
So fancy paints, so does the poet write
When he would work a tempest to the height. DRYDEN.

For not the gods' inevitable fire,
 The surging billows that to heaven aspire,
 Alone perdition threat; black clouds arise,
 And blot out all the splendour of the skies:
 Loud and more loud the thunder's voice is heard,
 And sulphurous fires flash dreadful on the yard.—
 Then shrunk the crew, and, fix'd in wild amaze,
 Saw the rent sails burst into sudden blaze;
 While shipwreck, late so dreadful, now appear'd
 A refuge from the flames, more hoped than fear'd.
 Horror on horror! earth, and sea, and skies,
 Convuls'd, as when poetic tempests rise. GIFFORD.

Of these lines a friend observed, that they were too elevated for the original. I acquiesced in this opinion, but did not alter them. Apprehending, however, that the same objection might be made by others, I endeavoured to obviate it by hinting my *fears*, not arrogant boasts, as the Critic, with equal falsehood and malignity, insinuates, that it was "*perhaps* (for that is my expression) raised a little:" and I modestly proceeded to account for it.

"In the twelfth satire," I add, "*and in that alone*, the style is, *perhaps*, raised a little: but it appeared so contemptible, a performance in the doggerel of Dryden's coadjutor, that I thought somewhat more attention than ordinary was in justice due to it; it is not a *chef-d'oeuvre* by any means; but it is a pretty and a pleasing little poem, deserving more notice than it has usually received." p. lxxiv.

By this I flattered myself the objection would be, not indeed done away, but weakened: for I must confess that, though fully aware of the rancour of the Critical Reviewers, and sensible that every thing which falsehood and detraction could produce, would be directed against me, I was not provided against so impudent a perversion of my words.

What now does the Critic? He omits what I have quoted, and gives the lines which *immediately* follow, "as a proof how "I have *raised* Juvenal:"

" This danger past, another does succeed,
 " Again with pity, and attention heed :
 " No less this second, tho' of different kind. DRYDEN.

" But lo, another danger! list again,
 " And pity, though 'tis of the self-same strain."

GIFFORD.

The couplet is poor enough; yet if it be considered as a faithful version of one of the poorest passages in Juvenal, it may escape the virulence of censure. This is the original;

—Genus ecce! aliud discriminis; audi
 Et miserere iterum, quanquam sint cætera sortis
 Ejusdem.

This is followed by a quotation from the ninth Satire, the objections to which, I do not understand. It seems by the Critic's *italics* as if he thought no verse should begin with a W, for he has carefully fixed a mark of reprobation on such as do, though

at the distance of five lines from one another! *flay'd* too is marked out for reprobation: this however arises from ignorance of the story to which Juvenal alludes. Ravola and Usurer are also stigmatized; i. e. *o* in the one, and *u* in the other! Imagining the spelling to be wrong, I ran for my Dillworth; but I now perceive that the words, in the Critic's opinion, should be written Rav'la and Us'rér! Pope laughs at the "word-catcher who lives on syllables:" with what ineffable contempt would he have regarded this wretched vermin, who only lives on letters!

But the passage begins, "What, all amort!" This throws the Critic again into a fit of raving.

All-amort is sneeringly called a *classical* word, and said to be introduced by me into our vocabulary. p. 325. Did the poor man never look into Shakspeare?

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| What, all amort! | Henry VI. |
| What, sweeting, all amort! | Taming the Shrew. |
| What, all amort! | Ram-Alley. |
| What, Sophos, all amort! | Wiley Beguiled. |
| No, I am all amort! | P. of Love. |

Indeed, I scarce know an author of any celebrity who has not made frequent use of this phrase, which the critic finds, for the first time, in the translation of Juvenal!

This is not all: the happy discovery absolutely turns his brain; and now nothing will satisfy him but a wide range over the volume, in quest of more *απαξ λεγόμενα*, words which are coined by "the learned translator, for the purpose of enriching "our language." Of these he finds, besides amort,

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| huh! huh! | huisch. |
| by loads. | hot and hot. |
| vinewed. | voids his brains. |
| very humorous. | so ardent withal; and |
| spawl. | tossed off. |

These "novelties," as the Critic calls them, remembering with what success he had exhibited a complete specimen of my prose, (see p. 34) he strings together, as before, and produces another fair example of "Mr. Gifford's manner of writing."

"This *classic* word *amort* tempts us to mention that our "learned translator, who has been long anxious to *correct the depravity of the public taste**—designs to *enrich our vocabulary*, "is—*very humorous*—and so ardent withal—that he has *spawled* "—*hot and hot*, and—*tossed off*—*many other exquisite novel-lies*. He—*voids his brain*—his—*vinewed-brain*,—*by loads*—"*huisch—huh! huh!*" p. 325." Despicable driveller! To say that your abortive attempt at wit is neither grammar nor sense, would perhaps be doing you no injury in the mind of your employer, who appears to estimate the talents of his "society of gentlemen," by the quantities of dirt they are capable of flinging: but, for the amusement of the public, it may not be unnecessary to

* This is the second time, Sir, that you have quoted this sentence, and falsely affirmed it to be spoken by me of my own intentions. The passage is not in the translation of Juvenal, as you know; it is in the Baviad (p. xiv), and stands thus: "I waited with patience—for some one *abler than myself* to step forth to correct the growing depravity of the public taste!" Have you no shame, no fear of detection? Are you so completely skreened in the Critical Review, as to hazard in every page, what, if you were known, would at once exclude you from society?—

examine your pretensions to judge of such words as I have *introduced* into the language.

“ The musty fragments of his *vinewed* bread,” vinewed, (as Johnson says,) and as every one but this malignant idiot knows, is mouldy; the word, perhaps, I should have chosen, if it had not been too near in sound to *musty*;—and yet I know not, for vinewed is more expressive of the original, and, at least, as good English as musty, or as any word in the language.

“ Spawl”—this too is pure English; it is used by Dryden, and Pope, and Swift, and by almost every writer in the language. Johnson gives several examples; yet this purblind hack sets it down among the “ novelties” with which I have “ enriched our vocabulary.”

In the *Curculio* of Plautus, a lover anxious to obtain an interview with his mistress, who is closely watched by an old woman, sprinkles the door posts and threshold of her house with wine, that the odour of it may draw forth the duenna. His stratagem succeeds; and she enters upon the stage, snuffing the scent. The original is excellent :

Flos veteris, &c.

Bawd. 'Tis good old wine I scent.—

The love I bear it draws me through the dark;

Where'er it stands 'tis near,—O ho! I have it.

All hail, my soul! joy of my Bacchus, hail!

O how I do adore thy aged age!

The smell of rich perfume's to thee a stink,

Thou art to me my myrrh, my cinnamon,

My rose, my saffron ointment, my sweet cassia,
My perfume of Arabia; wheresoe'er
Thou spreads't thy sweets, let me be buried.

BONNEL THORNTON.

This, though good, seemed scarcely just to the author, and
I therefore ventured to retranslate it :

Old W. Huh! huh! the flower, the sweet flower of old wine
Salutes my nostrils; and my passion for it
Hurries me, darkling, hither. Where, O where,
Is the dear object, sure 'tis near:—Ye gods!
Ye gracious gods! I have it. Life of my life!
Soul of my Bacchus! how I dote upon
Thy ripe old age! the fragrance of all spices
Is puddle, filth to thine. Thou! thou! to me
Art roses, saffron, spikenard, cinnamon,
Frankincense, oil of myrrh! where thou art found,
There would I live and die, and there be buried!

Here this harpy of a Reviewer lays his impure talons on huh!
huh! "It is forsooth a vulgar coinage of the learned translator's."
Is it so! There is a certain comedy called *Plutus*, written by one
Aristophanes, if the Critic ever heard of him:—to say the truth,
it was written by *Aristophanes*, whether he ever heard of him or
not. This man then was reckoned a very elegant writer by the
Reviewers of his days, (it is needless to add they were not Critical
Reviewers,) yet he introduces a sycophant scenting the smell of
roast meat, and uttering himself in this manner:

“ Huh! huh! huh! huh!” &c. through a complete senarian verse. Upon which Vossius, after some previous remarks, observes, “ *LEPIDE Aristophanes in Pluto inducit sycophantam olfacientem sacrificiorum nidorem, qui totum senarium naribus absolvit :*

Huh, huh!” &c.

Thus, what was used by the most elegant of the Attic poets, and praised as full of wit and humour, by one of the most learned of commentators, is condemned as a “vulgarity,” by a conceited blockhead, because he imagines it to be “coined” by me!

But though this poor creature was ignorant of its having been used before, it had not escaped the notice of very good writers in our own language. “A pig,” says the fanatical hypocrite in Ben. Jonson, (a man of uncommon learning and sagacity,) “may offer itself to the sense by way of steam, which I think it doth in this place; huh! huh! yes it doth. And it were a sin of horrible obstinacy to resist the titillation of the famelical sense, which is the smell, therefore be bold, huh! huh! huh! follow the scent.”

And so much for this “novelty,” with which I have “enriched the language!”

The next is “huisch!” In the dull towns, and duller inns of Germany, I formerly amused myself with making a complete translation of Rabelais. In his works, which are pretty familiar to me, I found this “novelty” very frequently used, and precisely in the sense to which I have applied it. In the English—but what have I done!

Eheu, quid volui misero mihi! floribus aprum
Perditus, immisi.

I have unwarily furnished arms against myself; and the Critic, indisputably the dullest that ever took up the trade, will yet have sufficient cunning to discover, that translating Rabelais, when I should have been engaged on Juvenal, was a nefarious attempt to "pick the pockets of my subscribers."

"Voids his brain:" what "novelty" the Critic found in this I cannot guess, and must therefore leave it to its fate. "Loads," too, sounds like an expression that has been heard before, though it seems scarcely necessary to waste either my time or the reader's in proving it!

"Hot and hot;"—but away with trifling—the readers of the Critical Review doubtless imagined, that the passages here adduced as proofs of the "vulgarity" and "unauthorized novelties of the translator of Juvenal," were all to be found in the TRANSLATION. It would be strange, indeed, if they thought otherwise; since to reprobate one book for expressions taken from another; to produce what has been many years before the public, and insidiously foist it upon the reader as decisive evidence of the demerits of a work then under examination for the first time, is to sap at once the foundation of all criticism, and reduce the Critic below the level of a highwayman! All this, however, and more, is done by the Critical Reviewer: the passages he so insultingly exhibits are not in Juvenal, but in the Baviad, to which he constantly reverts with an unquiet and fearful eye! Let the indignation of the reader suggest what feelings this mixture of the language of Billingsgate, with the morality of Bagshot, must excite in every honest mind, and then admire my forbearance.

“ Festinat enim, &c.”

For youth, too transient flower! (of life's short day
The shortest part,) but blossoms to decay.
Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
To wine and revelry, in pleasure's bower,
The noiseless foot of time steals swiftly by,
And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh! SAT. IX.

In this passage “ Juvenal is miserably blighted by the touch of
“ Mr. Gifford.” p. 325.

This calamity is brought on him,—by what does the reader think? by the use of the vulgar novelty *noiseless*! I sometimes, as Rabelais says, lose my Latin, when I consider the inexpressible stupidity of this man; he appears to be unacquainted with every book in the language (the Baviad excepted,) and I have been frequently tempted, in the course of this examination, to suppose him some vagabond Swiss or German, who has picked up his language and his manners, in the important post of usher to a boarding-school. But to the “ vulgar novelty,” *noiseless*:

Convinc'd that *noiseless* piety might dwell
In secular retreats, and flourish well. HARTE.

So *noiseless* would I live, such death to find,
Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind. DRYDEN.

They kept the *noiseless* tenor of their way. GRAY.

France spreads her banners in our *noiseless* land. SHAKS.

And that most beautiful passage in All's Well that Ends Well ;

For we are old; and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and *noiseless foot of time*
Steals, ere we can effect them.

But the Critic is not only the stupidest, but the unluckiest of all two-legged animals: that he should revile and insult me is perfectly in character; he is paid for it by Mr. Hamilton; but that, for this purpose, he should select phrases which have long been considered as ornaments of the English tongue; phrases, taken as peculiarly expressive of the original ideas, and which, being in every one's mouth, would be instantly recognized, is a fatality in blundering, proper only to this poor devil of a Reviewer, whose wretched case, but for one circumstance, I could almost pity,—sed sum petulanti splene cachinno!

"In the tenth Satire we admire Mr. Gifford's powers of conversation!" p. 326. No, not mine, Sir,—for of these you know nothing, and if I have any luck "will never know more;" but of the lowest mob of Rome, which is carefully distinguished from that of the author; and which you may find delineated in Dryden and others, pretty nearly in the same manner. As for your wit—you have given me a verse,* I see; I will return the compliment; but mine are not, like yours, "by a distinguished master of the British lyre:"

* " 'Tis best sometimes your anger to restrain,
"And charitably let the *dull* be vain." p. 327.

Why should'st thou take superfluous pains
 To show thy well-known want of brains,
 And for vile scoffs thy head perplex,
 Which can not tickle me, nor vex?—
 Thy censures, by thy dullness, known,
 Hurt not my credit, nor——thy own!

“The text of Henninius gives us *mirandis*; following Britannicus, Wakefield, &c. Mr. Gifford prefers *miranti*.” p. 326. Following Wakefield! it might be said, with equal justice, that Wakefield followed me, for this Satire was translated long before I had the happiness of knowing that such a commentator existed. But what foolery is here? Mr. Wakefield indeed (*dum vita fuit*) was “a rated sinew” in Mr. Hamilton’s corps, and obliged the literary world, amongst other choice morsels, with a pitiable effusion of rage and envy, on the Euripides of Mr. Porson;—but even this does not give him a claim to rank with Britannicus, as a *restorer* of Juvenal.

And what does the Critic know of Britannicus? I will stake my credit with the world, that he never saw his edition of Juvenal, and cannot tell at this moment what his text contains! He read in the notes to the translation (which is all he knows of the matter,) that Britannicus had justly explained *miranti*; and on this he sets up for a judge, forsooth! and with no other edition than that of Henninius before him, (this he confesses,) pretends to tell the reader what, and whom I followed!

But I have yet a word to say of Mr. Wakefield. I am accused of having *rifled* him, amongst others: this may be brought to a

short issue. If the Reviewer can find in any part of the translation a single hint taken from him, I will consent to plead guilty to all his charges. The truth is, I never thought him worth consulting. I heard once of his translating the tenth Satire of Juvenal, but never looked at it; since I have been twitted with robbing him, however, I have read his *magnum opus*, his Lucretius, and find no reason to change my opinion:—the man who could mistake the song—but I will say no more on the subject, unless provoked anew.

“ —obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver

“ *More* animæ, &c.

“ The body, with the soul, would vanish quite,

“ Invisible as air to mortal sight !

“ is a languid translation. Mr. G. evinces no poetic sensation

“ We”

——mark his absolute WE,

This triton of the minnows !

“ WE might have been induced to prefer *morte* animæ, and to

“ mark MORE *poetically*

“ The body perish with the *dying* soul !!!” p. 326

When Dryden's translation of Virgil appeared, it was attacked by a “ Critical Reviewer” of the name of Milbourne; dull, petulant, and abusive : a “ gentleman” too, as are his successors,—all gentlemen. He did not, indeed, descend to forgery, nor, as far as I can find, pretend to quote passages from the

translation, which he knew were not there; in every other respect he resembled Mr. —. But hear Johnson. “He (Dryden) produced,” says Pope, “the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language. It certainly excelled whatever had appeared in English, and appears to have satisfied his friends, and, for the most part, to have silenced his enemies. Milbourne, indeed, attacked it, but his *outrages seem to be the ebullitions of a mind agitated by stronger resentment than bad poetry can excite, and previously resolved not to be pleased.*” Vol. IX. p. 426.

This old Reviewer, however, Pope calls “the fairest of critics,” and justly, for to his reprobation of Dryden’s version he subjoined his own. How often have I wished that our young Milbournes would follow the reverend example of their father! At length—*Dii me audivere*—and a line is produced to make amends, as is proudly observed, for the “langour and anti-poetic qualities” of mine. As might be expected; besides being absolute prose, it is rank nonsense, and in direct opposition to the meaning of the author!

Juvenal says, the body (of the poor slave) was so ground to dust by the falling of the loaded waggon upon it,—that it was lost,—*perit*,—it vanished like the soul. I have avoided all ostentation of literature in the castigation of this despicable foe, lest I should be found “casting pearls before swine;” once more however, I will produce a passage from *Ruperti*:

—obtritum vulgi perit omne cadaver.

“Corpora tam minutatim concisa obteruntur, ut non magis

fere conspiciantur, quam anima, et prorsus evanescant, vel oculorum aciem fugiant." Vol. II. p. 147.

Nothing can be more just ; yet Wakefield, whom I am accused of rifling, with equal modesty and judgment recommends all future editors to admit *morte animæ* into the context ! " We " too," say his delighted brethren, " might have been induced to " prefer *morte*"—so that the sense will be " the body perishes by the *death* of the soul !!! " These " learned " gentlemen forget that Juvenal was no atheist ; and that the soul, which they with so much self-complacency annihilate in the 261st line, is, in the 264th, said to be sitting on the banks of the Styx, and wistfully looking for a passage.

The last objection, (to which we are now arrived,) is raised against a note. " Mr. G. *pretends* to despise a fancy of Bruce," &c. p. 326. There is no pretence in the matter : what I thought I spoke ; and have no objection to repeat. Bruce is unfounded *in every thing* that he has said respecting Juvenal. But I do not therefore *despise* him ; though I do his defender, most heartily : first, for his spiteful misrepresentation of me ; and next, for his asinine justification of Bruce ;—" the Egyptians devoured human " flesh in a famine, eleven hundred years after Juvenal's death ; " *therefore* they were cannibals when he wrote." Q. E. D. Admirable ! As you were pleased, Sir, to refer me to your Review of Abdollatiph (which is contained in the same month, November,) I turned to it ; and must take the liberty of observing, that it is truly worthy of you. The review of Juvenal is not more grossly ignorant. I now, too, can account for some of your malignity. I have the misfortune, it appears, in dissenting from

Bruce, to differ also from you: and you feel it! But the reader shall have your "sage annotations."

"Juvenal, who had a military command in Egypt, accuses
"them of devouring dead bodies raw ;

"Contenta cadavere crudo.

SAT XV. 83."

If you can read the Latin, you must know that he accuses them only of devouring a dead *body* raw:—and if you can read any thing, you ought to conclude, from the horror and amazement he expresses at it, and from his forbearing, amidst all his hatred and contempt of the natives, to charge them with cannibalism, that the crime was unknown amongst them. The poor wretch, of whom Juvenal speaks, was killed in a religious fray, and torn to pieces and eaten in a moment of frenzy, by the zealots of a creed different from his own. The French, during the progress of their horrible revolution, have torn out and devoured the hearts of many women and priests, yet who ever thought of describing them, on that account, as a nation that fed on human flesh? Fixed and general manners, not sudden ebullitions of political and religious fury, ought in justice to establish the character of a people.

"We own that we have spared no pains to find out some
"other meaning for 'cadavere,' besides a human corse, but without
"success." If these extraordinary pains procured you a double pot of beer from Mr. Hamilton, it is well—but with what inexpressible scorn must every man of sense regard such miserable quackery. Juvenal tells a plain story, *one* man fell in the flight of his party; the victorious enemy seized and tore him to

pieces—they did not, adds he, wait for fire, and spits to dress him, but were content with the raw carcass, *contenta cadavere crudo*." What other *meaning* did the "sage commentator" want for *cadavere*? Is it not obvious to a child of three years old that the plain construction of the word is the only one which can make sense of the passage? Yet the Critic "spares no pains," forsooth, to find out some other meaning for *cadavere*, besides a human corse!—That they should be unsuccessful, as he says they were, must be a subject of infinite regret to those who duly appreciate the importance of his learned labours: I, though all unworthy, could have helped him to several other "meanings" of *cadavere*: though the merit is, and ever will be his, of first searching for them on the present occasion. Now we talk of searching, it may be right to notice a "discovery" of my own, which is, that the Critic, who talks so "flippantly" of Juvenal, never read the Satire from which he quotes, and is ridiculously ignorant of its purport and design!

"This testimony of Juvenal is unexceptionable, *for* he commanded a cohort at Oasis, in the year 837, *ab urbe condita*, "in the consulship of Appius Junius Sabinus," p. 255. This stuff is from Bruce! While I was carefully collecting, and anxiously comparing every authority which I could find on the subject of Juvenal's life, in ancient and modern writers, with a view of compiling a short narrative, which I "hoped (to use my own words) might bear the stamp of probability," was this oracular "gentleman," with all the confidence of blind ignorance, intrepidly delivering a statement, absurd in all its parts, and which even Dodwell, nay Dussaulx proves to be incredible as well as false;

from no better authority than a few incorrect and incidental observations dropt by one who had never considered the matter for a single moment !

“ Having examined the work, with the respect due to a classic, we proceed to judgment, assisted by the translator himself. His conjecture,—‘I do not know the Abdera of England ; my readers, I fear, have been sometimes inclined to fancy it to be Ashburtoft,’—is *remarkably felicitous*. His readers *assuredly must* indulge this idea.” p. 327.

In the tenth Satire is a playful note on the words “ folly’s atmosphere,” that concludes thus: “ I recollect an old French epitaph, which says,

Guillaume de Machault ; ainsi avoie nom,
Né en Champagne fus, et si eu grand renom !

Champaigne, then, is the Abdera of France ; and indeed most countries have some reprobate spot, to which its courteous neighbours assign the exclusive privilege of producing (vervecés) bell-weather. I do not pretend to know the Abdera of England ; my readers, I fear, have been sometimes inclined to fancy it to be Ashburton.” (p. 327.)

This last line my friend advised me to omit, lest it should be construed into an awkward compliment to myself. I let it stand, however, in pure malice ; as I was well aware that the grave absurdity of some snivelling Bavarian would find a splendid triumph in fastening upon the supposition. He smiled at the idea, but he laughed outright at seeing it realized : And this poor,

spiteful, mean-spirited sniveller, turns out to be a Critical Reviewer! this is as it should be.

Lest, however, the good people of Ashburton, (who know nothing of the matter,) should fall into absolute despondency at being thus held forth as the Abderites of Great Britain; they are mercifully informed that it is on my account this stigma attaches to them.—“ There’s life in’t yet!” Cucullus non facit monachum; one swallow does not make a summer; and Ashburton may therefore still hope to shake off the load of obloquy with which my “dullness” hath surcharged it. And this is criticism!

As for Juvenal—he is “rather travestied than translated; at the approach of the enchanter Gifford, eloquence, grace, majesty and magnificence, sink into Cimmerian darkness,” p. 327.

This will hardly be credited, though you swear it:

—nam quod vulgo prædicant

Aurito me parente natum, not ita est.

“From the borrowed plumage of his notes, we have plucked “many *sickly feathers of petulance and vulgarity*,” p. 327. This “execrable jargon” means the direct contrary of what it professes to mean; but rage and malignity have so muddled and confused the few ideas which this miserable scribbler originally possessed, that he no longer knows what he would say. When the daws stript their comrade, it was of his most beautiful feathers, feathers which he had “rifled” from the peacocks! I, it seems, have shewn less pride than the daw, and picked up only petulant and

vulgar feathers, of which the Critic, in pure good will, has courteously disencumbered me; O te, Bolane! It is just, however, that I should be heard in my turn respecting this "sickly" plumage: it will be found, that a desire to conceal my thefts, whatever be their value, cannot be justly urged against me.

"Of the "borrowed learning of notes," which Dryden says he avoided as much as possible, I have amply availed myself. During the long period in which I have had my thoughts fixed on Juvenal, it has been usual with me, whenever I found a passage that related to him, to fix it on my memory, or to note it down. These, on the revision of the work for the press, I added to such reflections as arose in my own mind, and arranged in the manner they now appear. I confess that this was not an unpleasant task to me, and I will venture to hope, that if my own suggestions fail to please, yet the *frequent recurrence of some of the most STRIKING and BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES of ancient and modern poetry, history, &c.* will render it neither unamusing nor uninteresting. p. lxvii.

"Awakened by his arrogance and egotism, our indignation "might have whirled this pretender from the heights of his "usurpation, to bitter scorn a sacrifice." p. 327. I cannot compare this magnificent burst of ridiculous vanity in a poor insignificant creature, letting out his fury at twenty shillings a sheet; (for that is the utmost Mr. Hamilton pays him) I cannot compare it, I say, to any thing so aptly as to that of a goose, when it has thrust its head through the gate of a farm-yard, and hissed with all its might at a passenger carelessly whistling by. Heaven and earth! with what innate pride does the creature waddle back to its companions, and cackle to them, by the way,

of the prowess he has shewn, and the terror he has excited!
 "Our indignation" quoth he, in the very words of the Critic,
 "might have whirled this pretender"—O Gilray, Gilray! leave
 statesmen for a while, and goosify a Critical Reviewer.

"Our own duty to the public being discharged, we may
 "administer justice in mercy, and *protect*"—grammercy, gentle-
 men, for your *protection*!—"this humbled culprit from *farther*
 "punishment." p. 327. I was about to be seriously angry, but the
 object is too contemptible: let it pass. It seems, however, to me,
 that when the "society" have thus lavished their whole fury
 on some devoted head, they are bound, in justice to themselves,
 to make their vengeance known to him. Strange as it may appear
 to Mr. Hamilton, it is nevertheless true, that several months had
 elapsed before I knew of the fearful destruction that was come
 upon me. Perhaps, I should never have known it, but for my
 bookseller, who called on me, one evening, with the Reviews in
 his pocket. He can witness for me, that if I smiled at the
 egregious folly of the first, I was diverted beyond measure at
 the comical frenzy of the last. I saw the Critic, (I wish I knew
 his name,) I saw the Critic "in my mind's eye," struggling to be
 facetious, with tears of anguish streaming down his cheeks, and
 every attempt to force a laugh ending in a compromise between
 an execration and a grin! Ancient Pistol at his leek, appeared to
 me but a faint prototype of this unfortunate *Bravo* of a Reviewer.

Li13.414.9

A S U P P L E M E N T
TO AN
EXAMINATION
OF THE
STRICTURES OF THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS
ON THE
TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL

BY W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

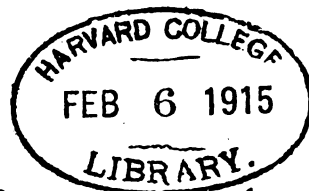
*Vituperatus qui sit, haud mediocri sane honori sibi ducat, se tam absurdis,
tam stolidis nebulonibus displicere.*

MILTON.

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1804.



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A SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
EXAMINATION, &c.

THE call for a second edition of the "EXAMINATION," gives me an opportunity of noticing the remarks on it, which appeared in the Critical Review for July. My first idea was to re-write the whole, for the sake of interweaving such observations as this stupid attempt at a reply suggested; but as I shall probably re-publish the Baviad (which has been long out of print) in the course of this spring, I choose to defer the task to that period, contenting myself at present with subjoining what I have to say, as a Supplement to the new edition.

I shall be as brief as possible; indeed there is no temptation to prolixity; for except an attempt to prove the Egyptians cannibals, from a line which the Reviewers *cannot construe*, and a "vindication of their good faith," from a passage which they have *wilfully* misquoted! there is nothing in their answer, but a low and despicable medley of brutality and meanness—the whining of a maudlin strumpet! the blustering of a beaten coward!

I charged the criticism upon an individual: to this the reply is, "Mr. Gifford's person, connections, &c. &c. were unknown to that *tribunal of our associates* which decided on his Juvenal," &c. (p. 337.) And this is said to me! to ME, who know the structure of a review as well as this miserable drudge, or his more miserable employer. "Our tribunal!" Is there a reader of their precious publication in a country

club-room that can be duped by such buffoonery ?—" Our tribunal !" What tribunal ? A printer, a compositor, and a devil ; for of such, and such only, is the redoubtable " tribunal" of the Critical Review composed !

The articles which make up the bulk of every London Review are the work of several writers, of whom no two, perhaps, are personally acquainted : living at great distances from one another, they know no more of the publication than the part written by themselves. Many of the contributors are country clergymen, who never saw London, and who will laugh outright at this ridiculous mummery of a " tribunal." The editor sends round the books to be reviewed, and his judgment is shewn in selecting such writers as favour the theological or political tenets embraced by himself. In some cases, he furnishes a considerable part of the work ; but in none,—I repeat it, in *NONE* are the contributions which make up the review submitted to the consideration of a " tribunal," or of any " society" whatever. The different articles are received by the editor, and if any alterations in them are thought necessary, by him, and him alone, are they made.

But I speak of other Reviews : the Critical has not even an editor, unless it be thought proper to give that name to an illiterate printer, or to such loiterers as chance, or a love of Paine and Diderot, may lead to the shop of the Robinsons :—men who think that " the bookseller deserves to be damn'd who looks beyond a title page," and who, if they merit punishment for no other offences, will certainly not be condemned for this. So much for " that tribunal of our associates," which this miserable hireling, with his hand trembling, and his tongue faltering at the *LIE*, asserts to have sitten in judgment on the translation of Juvenal.

I know, indeed, that other Reviewers talk of their tribunals, their garrets, &c. but who ever imagined them to constitute the one, or inhabit the other ? for a laugh it is well, for a piece of grave irony, better ; but that is all. A solemn maintenance of this threadbare jest for a fact, is peculiar to this wretch, whose daring fabrications in a former review, prove him to be a hardened and profligate impostor.

Finding no abettors in his rancour, he " descends to the most pitiful complaints imaginable : " the tears run down his cheeks while he dwells

upon the number of my " admirers and flatterers." My flatterers ! alas, why should I be flattered ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where *thrift* may follow fawning.

If I shewed an anxiety to become a member of every club extant ; if I soothed a babe at nurse with two rebusses, and an acrostic ; if I possessed a singular dexterity in making bargains for myself or others, I might, indeed, expect to enjoy my flatterers :—but I belong to no clubs, I write no riddles, and I make no bargains : Mr. Parsons himself will probably acquit me of this part of the accusation.

It is not a little gratifying to consider, that after devoting my humble talents to the service of sound literature, and what I conceived to be the best interests of my country, I have hitherto provoked the hostility of three men only, Pasquin, Pindar, and P—— ! How, in the name of wonder, did these P's get together ? I must try my hand at an epigram :

Three P's in the same age and country born,
Field-lane, St. Giles, and Grub-street did adorn,
The first in frontless impudence surpast,
In ribaldry the next, in both the last ;
The power of Baseness could no farther go,
To make a third she join'd the other two.

There, " gentlemen !" settle the matter of precedency among yourselves : " Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice and which is the thief ?"

Each of these respectable personages began with a violent attack on me : I had never mentioned any of their names, nor alluded in the remotest degree to any of their writings, when I found myself grossly insulted—in the daily papers by one ; in doggrel pamphlets by another ; and in marginal notes to my own works by a third. That I endured nothing of this in silence is well known : to say the truth, I was not

displeased at the opportunity thus afforded me in the two former instances, of encountering and driving from society its most pernicious pests. I presumed to judge for myself of the manner in which this could most effectually be done; and I am warranted by success, to believe that the means were not altogether mistaken.

With respect to the third—but I reserve him for a fitter place. Suffice it to say, that to one or other of this worshipful “society” I attributed much of the scurrility directed against me in the *Critical Review*. My reasons for this (which were not merely its incredible stupidity and rancour) I may hereafter give: at present I shall only observe that, though well aware of the malignant abuse with which whatever I published was sure to be received by the “gentlemen,” I took no measures either to exasperate or mitigate it. In fact, I thought no more of it, than of the shape of last year’s clouds, and certainly cared for it full as little. In the translation of Juvenal, however, there was nothing to awaken malice. I spoke with candour of my predecessors:—my own performance I considered as an effort to discharge a debt, which I had innocently contracted, in the best manner I was able; and my pretensions, which I do not choose to repeat, were of a nature too humble to be contested with me by any human being: yet it was attacked with all the virulence of blind malice; and the pretended review of it made a mere vehicle of personal insult;—and because I retort the language of this most wanton attack* (for *there is not a term* in my defence which is not borrowed or imitated from it), they have the unblushing effrontery to accuse me of “rancorous vulgarity.” They have the assurance, too, the “*dovuta*

* Perhaps I have a spice of Shylock in me, and therefore incline to “better the instructions I receive.” If ever (which I earnestly deprecate) I enter into a literary dispute with a gentleman, I trust that my language, at least, will be such as becomes the character:—but when I am forced, as at present, into a contest with the scum of night-cellars and jails, I must and will assume such terms as shall be felt by them.

In their reply to my Examination the “gentlemen” are pleased to observe, with their usual contempt of English, that personalities, and brutal insolence directed to the proprietor of this journal, exceed the sphere of literary contention,” p. 341. Very good. May I then humbly venture to inquire what “sphere” the “personalities and brutal insolence” directed by this same proprietor against the translator of Juvenal, who had no “contention” with him,

modestia," the "learned" jargonists call it, to recommend to me an "exclusive cultivation of this style." If I were poor and profligate and mad enough to join the "society," I would take their advice, and my manual should be the Critical Review,—in itself a library of "rancorous vulgarity:" as to an *exclusive* cultivation of it, that would be a hopeless attempt, while a P——— remains to take Mr. Hamilton's money.

"Strongly," continue they, "have our desires to undeceive alarmed the head and agitated the heart of Mr. G." p. 388. Alas! no:—but as it was well observed of such conceited asses, by a "distinguished master of the British lyre,"

'Tis a sweet madness runs along with them,
To think *all that are aim'd at still are struck*:
And so each *fear*, or *feaver-shaken fool*,
May challenge Teucer's hand in archery!*

No, indeed, "gentlemen:" I grew angry for a moment, as I told you

"exceed?" I presume Mr. Hamilton is not ignorant that he is liable to lose his ears (however large they may be) for every libel which appears in the Critical Review: it is no argument in law, that he cannot read the trash which he purchases and publishes. For me, I sounded no trumpet of warfare, no note of defiance, to Mr. Hamilton, or any of his gang: my publication was, like every other, a proper subject for criticism; but malice itself (I speak of ordinary malice) could find no reasonable motive in it for outrageous hostility: yet, if the reader have patience, let him glance his eye over a few of the many opprobrious epithets bestowed on it in one only of the five parts to which the remarks are extended: "Licentious, nauseating, crapulous, prurient, profane, blasphemous, detestable, feeble, coarse, vicious, tame, flippant, intolerable, mean, execrable, deformed, base, slovenly, filthy, disgusting, sickly, petulant, and ridiculous." These rhetorical flourishes, with hundreds more of the same kind, will, I flatter myself, operate as some apology with those who are inclined to blame the asperity of my retort on such *unprovoked* virulence. Let me for once adopt the plea that was offered by an ancient poet (a very moderate one too) to such as objected to the warmth of his recrimination on the Critical Reviewers of his day:

Tum si quis est, qui dictum in se inclementius
Existimavit esse, sic existimet,

RESPONSUM, non DICTUM esse, quia LÆSIT PRIOR.

* You have not favoured me with a couplet this time, I perceive, by any "distinguished hand," so that I have few compliments to return you on that score. This is a game at which you are sure to lose, and I therefore commend your cunning in renouncing it. Take my advice for once, and let it be for ever.

in my last, at your impudent offer of "protection;" but it went off, and I was neither "agitated nor alarmed." The contempt (for that is the proper word) which I felt and still feel for all you have or can do, is the calmest, quietest passion in nature. Your last ebullition of stupid frenzy cannot even move my spleen: I yawn over it *à faire pitié*. Do not deceive yourselves: the honour I do you in noticing your malicious trash, proceeds from no personal interest I take in it, but from motives on which I have acted "ever since I wrote man"—a desire to chastise conceited dulness, and to expose literary quackery and imposture. I told you long ago in the *Baviad*, a book with which you are much better acquainted than I am, that—I was born

To brand *obtrusive ignorance* with scorn,

and you now find it.—As the clown in Shakspeare says—" 'tis meat and drink to me to see a fool," and I delight in shaking about his cap and bells for the amusement of the public: at the same time, this is no violent passion; I wait with perfect composure till a fit occasion offers, and the humour takes me, and neither quit for it my ordinary pleasures nor pursuits.

And this brings me to the "*vindication* (as the Critical Reviewers call it) of their good faith." p. 338.

Of all the charges which I brought against the "gentlemen," charges of falsehood, forgery, ignorance, detraction, scurrility, and malice; charges which I here repeat, they have replied but to *one*; and in that one, they have again had recourse to forgery and falsehood!

"He accuses us," they say, "of intentionally altering lines; we thus vindicate *our good faith*! In p. 57 of the translation these words occur:

"Why wait *they*

"Do we *now*

The *inadvertence* of our amanuensis, or *celerity* of the compositor, has inserted

"Why wait *we*

"Do we *not*." p. 338.

And this is your "vindication!" And you have the impudence to send this into the world as a proof of your "good faith!" I once thought your reading was confined to the Baviad, but I now see you have been looking into the dedication to the *Florence Miscellany*, written by one William Parsons, a "gentleman," G—d wot, whom you probably know. It is there said,

Ourself and our friends we for patrons will choose,
No OTHERS WILL READ US, and THESE will excuse! p. 3.

For without a strong impression of the truth of this *simple* notion, on your minds, you would not have dared to hazard so gross, so scandalous an untruth. "In p. 57 of the translation these words occur,

"Why wait *they*
"Do we *now*!"

Really, "gentlemen," you seem to have the same inveterate habits as the *millar* (probably he was of your family), who, notwithstanding he strove with all his might to be honest, stole a peck of meal out of his own sack! The words in the translation are, as I told you before,

Why wait *they*
Do *they* not:—

and your "good faith" in falsifying them again is as apparent as the "candour" which led you to it.

But you tell your story miserably: in the passages here produced, you have craftily joined two lines which stand at a considerable distance from one another, and which you had even the "honesty" to separate in your Review. I wrote and printed,

Why wait *they*
Do *they* not— v. 167.

and, at a considerable distance from it,

And do we now, O peers, a censor need,
Or an Aruspex! v. 176.

You say that I wrote, in the first instance,

Why wait *we*
Do *we* &c.

and in the second

And do we *not*, O peers, &c.

And having thus produced, by your own forgery, a foolish alliteration in one case, and a feeble repetition in another, both of which you have the impudence to distinguish by italics, you proceed to insult me by sneering at the strict revision which I gratefully boast that *my translation* (not *your infamous sophistication of it*,) had received from Dr. Ireland!

But all this "is owing to the Celerity of your compositor!!!" p. 338. His *haste*, it appears, *was so great*, that, after *deliberately* separating *five w's* (contained in four lines at a considerable distance from each other) from the words to which they belonged, and printing them in a different character, he began to think a *few more w's* would place his *hurry* beyond all question, and *therefore* selected from the vocabulary two words, which had not only the merit of beginning with that letter, but of turning the passage, which was sense, at least, as I left it, into absolute nonsense! still more to evince his *speed*, after changing "Do *they* not," into Do *we* not, he reflects that it will be expedient to produce a repetition of the words:—for this purpose, he *carefully* examines the page, and happily finding at the distance of *ten* lines, "Do we *now*," he *cautiously* joins the two passages, alters *now* to *not*, prints the whole in *italics*, and—thus satisfactorily proves his "Celerity" to his employers, and the public!!!

But, no; "it was the INADVERTENCE of our amanuensis!" p. 338. The "tribunal,"—I hope they sit in fur caps, and gowns—the venerable "tribunal of our society" boasts, it seems, among its other officers of state, of an amanuensis. All this parade, which is maintained out of the profits of a despicable pamphlet that scarcely pays for printing, and will probably be given up in a few months,* is a stretch of quackery that Katterfelto might have envied, but could not have equalled.

* Since this was written the knell of the Critical Review has actually sounded. In a puff, at once faithless and foolish, just issued by Mr. Hamilton, its final termination is announced. The

But you are wrong again, " gentlemen ;" it is not of the INADVERTENCE of your amanuensis that you have to complain, but of his *over-anxious* and *watchful solicitude*. For the rest, I must take the liberty of saying, that if your apology be *true*, which, by way of parenthesis, I have shown to be *false*, your compositor is advancing with " celerity" to the alms-house, and your amanuensis, with more than usual " inadvertence," to the gallows.

After all these pains ; after the combined ingenuity of the " society" has been exhausted, " your readers," you say, " will perceive that to the words *we* and *not* your remarks have NOT THE SLIGHTEST ALLUSION!" p. 336. I must again suppose you to have Mr. Parsons in view :

Ourselves and our *friends* we for patrons will choose,
NO OTHERS WILL READ US, and THESE will excuse ;

for if you expect any thing beyond this, you must be the most impudent as well as ignorant set of scribblers that ever formed a " tribunal" of Critical Reviewers.

" Our remarks !"——base and unmanly subterfuge! the meanness of a lie without the spirit of it ! Have you not pointed out the negligence *which you created*, by every artifice in your power ? by separating the initials from the rest of the words ? by printing them in different characters ? by placing them contiguous to one another ?——and do you now sneak out of the forgery by saying that your " remarks had NOT the slightest allusion to them !"

But the words *they* and *we* are at length discovered to be " insignificant !" p. 359. Insignificant as they are, however, they were not beneath your malice, nor thought unworthy to exercise the dexterity of your singular talents at imposition. As to the rest, you have yet to learn that

trick of advertising a *new series*, which is well understood, is only meant to break its fall : it will writhe and kick, and linger in torments for a short period, and then all will be over. It was precisely in this way that the Analytical Review gave up the ghost. In periodical publications of this nature, however despicable they may be, a few subscribers are generally found who continue, *because they began, them* ; but what temptation has a man to burden himself, as in the case of the series just mentioned, with new accumulations of vulgarity, ignorance, and malice?

all words are significant which afford the sense intended by them, and that *we* and *they* are as much so, as any others.

You now turn upon me with the retort courteous. "I too have falsified passages." p. 338. Prove it. I have quoted your own words—I have done more,—marked the pages from which they were taken;* and nothing therefore can be easier than detection. You do not even attempt it: the habit of lying is inveterate in you, and an additional untruth costs you nothing. True, indeed, it is, that in copying your beastly ribaldry, I suppressed all snivelling reachings after praise. I despised it too much to quote a syllable of it; and if I could seriously think myself deserving of any scruple of your approbation, would instantly fling my book into the fire. The censure of a wise man is sufficiently mortifying, but the applause of an idiot is intolerable. With this exception, you are fairly quoted, and you know it.

You are next pleased to observe, "under the shadow of a note," that "access to original authors, to editors, and translators, is not an advantage peculiar to the *modest* translator of Juvenal," p. 338. The modest translator of Juvenal has nothing to do with this insult; he never asserted that it was:—he was, besides, but too well acquainted with the prodigious "farrago of literature" which you possessed; and had some thoughts of applying to you for the loan of Harvey and Neville's *translations!* to which, notwithstanding the "facility" with which *you* say they are to be procured, he has not yet been fortunate enough to gain access.

"But," you continue, "we were *accompanied* not only by Rupert, but by *all* the principal editors of Juvenal." p. 338. It would be folly to doubt it. It was from Rupert, then, you learned that the objection to the authenticity of the 16th Satire was confined to the *unsupported suspicion of its being written by the old scholiast!* It was from Rupert, then, *who has an express recommendation* of the common reading (*more anima*) that you learned to call your stupid "preference" of *morte*, "energetic and poetical!" It was from Rupert, then, you learned that *Lectus erat Codro*,

* Had you done this, you would have saved your readers some trouble, and your "admirers" some shame: they would not then have rummaged Juvenal to find passages only to be met with in the Baviad.

meant "Codrus had *more* beds *than* one!" It was from Rupert, then, you learned that *contenta cadavere crudo*, signified "devouring dead bodies raw," though he *expressly* contradicts you! and many other "exquisite novelties," scattered through your inimitable review of the article in question. Away! away! you are a vain and empty boaster, and, at the time you wrote this, had not looked into Rupert. Perhaps you have not yet looked into him—but this is a matter of no moment, for you cannot read him.

Allons. "He asserts with *becoming veracity*" (why not *dovuta verità*?) "that (by our own confession) to one edition only our KNOWLEDGE was confined," p. 338. Your *knowledge*, did you say? Confident coxcombs! your *ignorance*.—The answer to this I shall take the liberty of borrowing from the castigation you received in the Anti-Jacobin Reviews for October and November last. It was laid on by a powerful hand, and you winced at it through your disguise.

"Again, "Mr. G. asserts with *becoming veracity*, that (*by our own confession!*) to one edition our *knowledge* was confined;"—it should be our *ignorance*:—"but we were accompanied not only by Rupert, but by *all* the principal editors of Juvenal"!!! p. 338. We beg leave to offer our humble congratulations on the notable use here made of *all* those editors! but does Mr. G. really say that their ignorance was confined to one edition?—it is seldom safe to take their word, and we shall therefore consult the work itself.

"In p. 189, they bring a passage from the commonest and worst edition* of Henninius. To this, which is their first quotation, they

* I had occasion to observe in the "Examination," that a fool could not thrust out his finger without discovering his folly; and every motion you make confirms it. "We *quoted* from one EXCELLENT edition, Hen. 1685," p. 388. What occasion was there for this? Why will you force me to repeat that you know nothing of editions? the edition from which you *quoted* is a VILE one! It is full of misprints, and as for stops—it is seldom right by accident. I tell you again, it is a VILE one; and you are a most unfortunate blockhead for stumbling when the way was plain before you. Jortin, whose judgment in matters of literature infinitely outweighs that of all the Critical Reviewers combined, from the days of Smollet to those of Hamilton, speaks with great contempt of the last and best edition of Henninius: the "gentleman," be it observed, quotes from the first and worst, and styles it "EXCELLENT!!!"

subjoin, " under the shadow of a note," that "*this edition will supply their future quotations.*"

"In p. 326, they are pleased to say, " that Mr. G. following Britannicus, &c. prefers *miranti* to *mirandis*." To this he replies,—certainly more to expose the affectation of such wretched quacks, than to give any importance to the passage, " What does the critic (still taking him for Mr. Parsons) know of Britannicus? I will stake my credit with the world, that he never saw his edition of Juvenal, and cannot tell at this moment what his text contains! He read in the notes to my translation (which is all he knows of the matter,) that Britannicus had justly explained *miranti*; and on this he sets up for a judge, forsooth! and with no other edition than that of Henninius before him, (this he confesses,) pretends to tell the reader what, and whom I followed!"

"It now appears that Mr. G. does *not*, as they say, affirm that the " critic's knowledge was confined to one edition," but that they had, by their own confession, only that of Henninius *before them*, when they made their quotations: and, indeed, it might seem a little improbable to a man of plain sense, that a "body" of Reviewers "with *all* the principal editors in their company," (p. 338,) should borrow from the most incorrect that ever appeared! Of this, we believe, they knew nothing,—but *thus*, in the second instance, "they vindicate their veracity!"

"The character of Bruce requires from us no support:"* p. 339.

"We quoted from one *excellent* edition, and therefore Mr. G. concludes that we *consulted* no other," p. 338. What I concluded is known only to myself; but I will be open with you, and fairly confess my conclusion was, that you consulted no edition at all. You *quoted* from the old edition of Henninius, but for the rest,—when I find that you understand what you quote, it will be time enough to think of what you *consulted*: that period, if I may judge by the present state of your studies, is not yet at hand.

* The trick of representing me as an enemy to Bruce, is perfectly ridiculous. I have read him more than once, and am, I trust, a much more competent judge both of his merits and defects, than this purblind mole. I said (and say again) that his boasted acquaintance with Greek and Roman literature, was a mere pretence: but I added at the same time (what I was equally convinced of) that he was a curious observer, a most indefatigable, enterprising, and sagacious traveller. Juv. p. 475. Whether this discriminating praise, or that of an illiterate booby of a Critical Reviewer, who *commends* him for a *palpable* blunder, notorious to all the world but himself, tend most to the "support of Bruce's character," may be safely left to the judgment of the reader.

Despicable drivellers! does the sun require any warmth from you? for you are as capable of affording the one as the other. Support from you! Look to yourselves, for you are tottering, and all your strength will be too little to keep you on your feet.

But this is a precious paragraph, and the reader shall have it all. "The confidence (perhaps another word would be more pertinent)"—— Never spare me, "gentlemen," I know what it is to be kicked by an ass; and, if I could not chastise the petulant brute, should consider it as the lowest species of human degradation; as it is, I am in no pain about it. "The confidence of Mr. G. merits a reprimand. The Egyptians devoured human flesh 1100 years after the death of Juvenal, *therefore*, ACCORDING TO Mr. G. they were not cannibals when he wrote." p. 339. On so abandoned a perverter of all truth, argument is lost. I will, therefore, repeat my words, and leave the reader to judge whether I assert "the Egyptians not to be cannibals *because* they devoured human flesh 1100 years after the death of Juvenal."

"The last objection (to which we are now arrived) is raised against a note, "Mr. G. *pretends* to despise a fancy of Bruce," &c. p. 326. There is no pretence in the matter: what I thought I spoke; and have no objection to repeat. Bruce is unfounded in *every thing* that he has said respecting Juvenal. But I do not therefore *despise* him; though I do his defender, most heartily: first, for his spiteful misrepresentation of me; and next, for his asinine justification of Bruce;—"the Egyptians devoured human flesh in a famine, eleven hundred years after Juvenal's death; *therefore* they were cannibals when he wrote." Q. E. D. Admirable! As you were pleased, Sir, to refer me to your Review of Abdollatiph, (which is contained in the same month, November,) I turned to it; and must take the liberty of observing, that it is truly worthy of you. The review of Juvenal is not more grossly ignorant. I now, too, can account for some of your malignity. I have the misfortune, it appears, in dissenting from Bruce, to differ also from you: and you feel it! But the reader shall have your "sage annotations."

"Juvenal, who had a military command in Egypt, accuses them of devouring dead *bodies* raw;

"Contenta cadavere crudo.

SAT. XV. 83."

If you can read the Latin, you must know that he accuses them only of devouring a dead *body* raw:—and if you can read any thing, you ought to conclude, from the horror and amazement he expresses at it, and from his forbearing, amidst all his hatred and contempt of the natives, to charge them with cannibalism, that the crime was unknown amongst them. The poor wretch, of whom Juvenal speaks, was killed in a religious fray, and torn to pieces and eaten in a moment of frenzy, by the zealots of a creed different from his own. The French, during the progress of their horrible revolution, have torn out and devoured the hearts of many women and priests, yet who ever thought of describing them, on that account, as a nation that fed on human flesh? Fixed and general manners, not sudden ebullitions of political and religious fury, ought in justice to establish the character of a people.

“ We own that we have *spared no pains* to find out some other meaning for ‘*cadavere*,’ besides a human corse, but without “ success.” If these extraordinary pains procured you a double pot of beer from Mr. Hamilton, it is well—but with what inexpressible scorn must every man of sense regard such miserable quackery. Juvenal tells a plain story, *one* man fell in the flight of his party; the victorious enemy seized and tore him to pieces—they did not, adds he, wait for fire, and spits to dress him, but were content with the raw carcass, “ *contenta cadavere crudo*.” What other *meaning* did the “ sage commentator” want for *cadavere*? Is it not obvious to a child of three years old that the plain construction of the word is the only one which can make sense of the passage? Yet the Critic “ spares no pains,” forsooth, to find out some other meaning for *cadavere*, besides a human corse!—That they should be unsuccessful, as he says they were, must be a subject of infinite regret to those who duly appreciate the importance of his learned labours: I, though all unworthy, could have helped him to several other “ meanings” of *cadavere*: though the merit is, and ever will be his, of first searching for them on the present occasion. Now we talk of searching, it may be right to notice a “ discovery” of my own, which is, that the Critic, who talks so “ flippantly” of Juvenal, never read the Satire from which he quotes, and is ridiculously ignorant of its purport and design!

"This testimony of Juvenal is unexceptionable, *for* he commanded a cohort at Oasis, in the year 837 ab urbe condita, in the consulship of Appius Junius Sabinus," p. 255. This stuff is from Bruce! While I was carefully collecting, and anxiously comparing every authority which I could find on the subject of Juvenal's life, in ancient and modern writers, with a view of compiling a short narrative, which I "hoped (to use my own words) might bear the stamp of probability," was this oracular "gentleman," with all the confidence of blind ignorance, intrepidly delivering a statement, absurd in all its parts, and which even Dodwell, nay Dussaulx, proves to be incredible as well as false, from no better authority than a few incidental observations dropt by one who had never considered the matter for a single moment!" Exam. p. 68.

"Were the Egyptians really *less* depraved in the time of the Satyr-ist?" Less depraved than what! I wish Mr. Hamilton would get some one to put your jargon into English;—"the evidence of Juvenal himself decides in the negative," p. 339. This shall not serve your turn, nor will I suffer you to evade the point by changing the terms in dispute. This may serve for your master, but will not pass upon me. The "depravity" of the Egyptians (for whom I care as little as another) has nothing to do with the question. You asserted that this people were habitual cannibals in the days of Juvenal, and you attempted to prove it from his own words, *contenta cadavere crudo*. In reply to this, I affirmed that you could not construe the passage, which, as well as THE WHOLE OF THE SATIRE from whence it is taken, is directly in the face of your argument; and that you were scandalously ignorant of its purport and design.

Driven from this; too "dull" for conviction, and too "vain" for instruction, you now return to the charge, and endeavour to prove your most absurd position by another extract from the same Satire, of which, as before, you do not comprehend a single word! "That the eating of human flesh was not uncommon in the age of Abdollatiph, we have shown in an article *commended* by those who can *judge !!!*"—No doubt of it, Un sot trouve toujours, un plus sot qui l'admire; and even the acrostics of Mr. Parsons may *possibly* have found *un plus sot* to admire them:

after what I have said of the "article," however, the *judgment* of those who *commended* it, must be deemed peculiarly valuable.—"His teeth in vain attempt to corrode a file."—If by the *file* be meant the G. Reviewer, I must observe that his vanity is insufferable. Were I inclined to mouth such a morsel, I should probably find that I had panada between my teeth instead of steel. "Will he trust to *Juvenal himself*? We imagine that he will *not*, since his translation gives the passage *unfaithfully*. He was unable or averse to render with propriety,—

"———*sed qui mordere cadavere*

"Sustinuit, nil unquam hac carne libentius edit,

which," pray observe, "HAS NO RELATION to the man who came first or last, but is a DISTINCT AND ISOLATED OBSERVATION, exposing the ferocious greediness of those whom WE must still denominate CANNIBALS!" p. 339,

Very good. I pass over what relates to myself,* to come to your

* I may just observe, however, that I *have given the whole* of the passage,—not word for word, (which is the only idea this poor driveller has of translation, and indeed, the only way in which he can read it with the original,) but the general sense. Literally rendered it is "BUT whoever could bear§ to gnaw THIS carcase, never tasted any flesh more willingly; FOR," (such is the *connection* which the woeful ignorance of the Critical Reviewers could not find, and therefore denied to exist), "FOR, that in so odious a fact, you may not trouble yourself to doubt or inquire whether the *first* who swallowed it was pleased, I inform you that the *last*—who came up when the body was devoured—scraped the ground with his finger, that he might taste of the blood!" I say:

But lest you doubt, if those who came in time,
First at the bloody banquet, and the crime,
Relish'd the treat; know those who came the last,
And when the rest had finish'd the repast,
Stoop'd down, and, scraping where the wretch had lain,
With savage pleasure lick'd the gory plain. p. 479.

What is there imperfect in this? I thought the Critics (not the Critical Reviewers) would

§ *Could bear: sustinuit.* This word alone is sufficient to shew that the Egyptians were not cannibals, and, indeed, would have shewn it to any but the Critical Reviewers, whose acquaintance with Latin reaches no farther than the child's Vocabulary, and whose general ignorance is beyond credibility.

Achillean argument. *You say* that the passage has "no relation to the man, &c. but is a distinct and *isolated* observation" !!! To reason with you is a waste of time ; all that can be done, therefore, is to shew that the *direct reverse* of your assertion is the truth, and that it is advanced for the first time by yourselves. So far from being an "*isolated* observation," it applies, with the **UTMOST FORCE OF CONNEXION**, to the rest of the transaction, and is spoken of the carcase of the man who fell in the combat, and *of no other* :

But he whose stomach suffer'd him to eat
The carcase—

HOLIDAY.

BUT he that of *the* carcass got a bit,
Ne'er tasted any flesh so sweet as *it* ;
FOR, &c.

STAPYLTON.

The guests are found too numerous for *the* treat ;
But all, it seems, who had the luck to eat,
Swear they ne'er tasted more delicious meat.

DRYDEN.

they—eat *him* raw;
Nay, they pronounced, and this is still *more rare*,
That they ne'er tasted more delicious fare.
Ask not if the *first eater*, &c.

OWEN.

BUT he who bore to gnaw *the* carcase, never ate any thing more willingly than *this flesh*, FOR, &c. MADAN.

MADAN.

Ne t'informe point si le *premier* forcené—dont la dent put entamer ce cadaver, &c. DUSSAULX.

DUSSAULX.

Rationem reddit quare tam libenter comederit. NAM ille qui stetit
ultimus, &c. BRITAN. in loco.

have been pleased at this compression of a disgusting and horrible narrative, which has always appeared tediously minute to every reader of taste, and for which indeed Juvenal has been justly reproved. Of all this, however, the unfortunate idiot before us was completely ignorant.

Yet it seems the passage has "no relation to the man who came first or last" !

Homo efferatus, qui naturam in se violaverit, et *semel* hoc cadaver hominis mordere sustinuit, nihil unquam HAC humana carne libentius edit. LUBIN in loco.

I might proceed in this manner through the whole body of translators and commentators, not ONE of whom, from the age of Juvenal to the present, ever understood it in any other sense than that which is here given. How could they? the words can bear no other. And yet this "learned tribunal," with "all the principal editors and translators before them" (p. 338), have the portentous stupidity to affirm that the "passage is a DISTINCT and ISOLATED observation"!!! They are "familiar with Henninius" ! (338), from *whom* I have taken the last two *positive contradictions* of their assertion! They are also well acquainted with "the elegant Ruperti!" yet the ungrateful man finds, as it were, a malicious pleasure in shaming and confounding them :

qui mordere cadaver
Sustinuit, nil unquam hac carne libentius edit.
Nam scelere in tanto, &c. v. 89.

is a *distinct* and *isolated* sentence, say they: "*Nam*," observes Ruperti, "spectat ad *το QUI*, v. 87, which *connects* the passage with what follows" !

But above all, they are intimate with "the *luminous* Gibbon"! Yet the *luminous* Gibbon, in his remarks on this Satire, has a long and anxious argument in the *very teeth* of their position, in which he warmly expostulates with Juvenal on his persecution of the Egyptians, *because* they "ate the flesh of ONE MAN, and of one man only, whom they had murdered in a moment of frenzy" !

What now shall we say of the Critical Reviewers? That they are a set of the most impudent impostors that ever disgraced the press. And is it to be endured that such men should elect themselves into a "tribunal," and, on the ground of their own ignorance, revile and insult whoever

will not minister to the jacobinism or impiety of their employers? However this may be, I, for one, will not endure their injuries in silence; for nature has given me a spirit incapable of being overawed in a just cause; add to this, that I consider myself to be essentially serving the real interests of literature, while employed in stripping the lion's skin from the back of these clamorous, these mischievous asses.

"A futile *defence* of corrupted diction is *accompanied* by *arguments* of adequate inanity." p. 339. A *defence* accompanied by a *defence*! What "execrable jargon," have we here? Harsh, rugged, and uncouth,* it is scarcely possible to pronounce it; to understand it, is out of the question. "Shakspeare, Jonson, Dryden, Pope, and Gray, have adopted words now *obsolete* or *low*, or requiring exquisite skill of application, *therefore* Mr. G. a polite writer in the nineteenth century, is authorized to apply the words all-amort without taste or effect." p. 340.

The "modesty" of this is incomparable. Shakspeare, Jonson, Dryden, Pope, and Gray—the world perhaps, cannot produce five names superiour to them—used words now obsolete or low, &c. Gracious heavens! Could these great men have foreseen that they would be called to judgment by a Critical Reviewer,—by a venal scribbler who cannot write English, by an obscure† blockhead who cannot comprehend the merits

* I can scarcely believe it to be written by an Englishman. At any rate it is the coarse and barbarous diction of a man who is perpetually struggling with a weight he cannot manage. Vast efforts are made only to expose his impotence.

† Their connexions must be as obscure as themselves, otherwise they could not well be *perfectly* ignorant of circumstances familiar to all the world but draymen and porters. I never open one of their Journals without "discovering" proofs of this degrading fact. In their review of "Home Truths," they say, with their usual flippancy. "These home truths, and *undeniable*" (the "gentlemen" are at their old tricks of *italicizing* their humour) "facts are for the most part selected from the *unquestionable authorities* of the Intercepted Letters. The writer cannot surely be acquainted with the doubt which still hangs over these mysterious epistles." Sept. p. 101. So, the epistles are *mysterious*! I will have nothing to do with "gentlemen whom the peculiar duties of their situation forbid to unmask," whether they come as "anatomists" or "assassins;" but if the estimable author of Home Truths (whom I have not the pleasure of knowing) feel his belief in the authenticity of those Letters shaken by the confident folly of the Critical Reviewers, and will honour me with a call, I will not only shew him the *unquestionable* originals of the correspondence printed in the three parts of the "Intercepted Letters;" but as

of the plainest question, by an unprincipled hireling, who sticks at nothing to answer "the detestable purposes" of himself or his depraved employers; what, what would they have felt? Nothing; they would have turned with perfect calmness from the poor wretch, and left him to the applause of Mr. Hamilton, and the scorn and derision of all the rest of the world.

If the reader has not seen my "Examination," he must be informed that the Critical Reviewers charged me with introducing a number of "exquisite novelties" into the English language. I showed, from that *rare* book, Johnson's Dictionary, that all these "exquisite novelties" were to be found in Shakspeare, Jonson, Dryden, Pope and Gray; indeed, they are to be found in a thousand others, but I produced these, not as witnesses, but as judges to decide the question. What now do the Critical Reviewers? With a facility peculiar to such unblushing coxcombs, they turn short round, and pronounce *THOSE VERY WORDS* to be *obsolete*, and worn out, which they had just before accused me of introducing for the first time into the English language!!!

But Shakspeare, Jonson, &c. "were neither correct models of taste, nor engaged in works *indispensably* requiring the exercise of that delicate faculty,"—(such, for instance, as the Critical Review!)—"they used a *strano linguaggio*,* and adopted words now obsolete or low."

much more, *all* written by the French in Egypt, and *all* intercepted by our cruisers on the Mediterranean station.

"Mysterious epistles!" what mystery is there in them? All are written on French paper, and by far the greater part of them on paper prepared and furnished to the army of Egypt by the Directory; paper handsomely ornamented at a considerable expense with emblematic designs of Liberty, &c. They have been seen by thousands; published by the Directory from the English copy, *without a doubt of their authenticity*; acknowledged by every one of the writers who have reached this country, as prisoners or otherwise; who, in more than one instance, have thanked the translator for the fidelity with which he gave their respective letters; yet after all this, and much more, a paltry gang of unknown scribblers, a "tribunal" thrust out from all respectable society, have the stupendous impudence to pronounce from their smoky tripods, that "the writer of Home Truths cannot *surely* be acquainted with the doubt which still hangs over these mysterious epistles"!

* I dare say this means *strange language*! What a prodigious scholar is this Mr. ———! and what vast ideas must Mr. Hamilton have of his learning! I know not how it is, but these scraps of Italian balderdash, and one or two bits of Greek, yes of Greek! scattered through the Review of Juvenal, put me strongly in mind, first of Mrs. Piozzi, and then of Mr. Parsons.

The world, therefore, will, I flatter myself, immediately throw their trash into the fire, and receive in its stead the "correct" and "delicate" *linguaggio* of the Critical Reviewers. I can venture to assure them that their taste will be almost as much improved by the exchange, as their knowledge.

"Stapylton, Holyday," and Dryden, "who, like Mr. G. have *degraded* Juvenal, are often more disgusting, *therefore* Mr. G. merits applause for his vulgar caricature." p. 340.

I understand nothing of this *therefore*. It is the "tribunal," as may be seen (and, indeed, has been seen with indignation) in every page of the Review, which insults Dryden, Stapylton, and Holyday. As for me, I have always spoken of them with decency and respect: the "gentleman," *therefore* is fighting with his own shadow, which, in the words of Orlando, "I take to be either a fool or a cypher;" and in my own, to be both.

"Mr. Gifford, a school-boy, imperfectly translated one of the Satires of Juvenal, therefore Mr. G. a man, *engaged during many years* to execute a complete translation, expects that we should receive, *without a murmur*, his defective school-exercise, instead of his matured version," p. 340.

I will transcribe my words; for neither here, nor any where else, can you be trusted.

"All this fury is lavished on the translation of the third Satire. In an unobtrusive note (p. lxiv.) I ventured to observe it was "the only one "which had escaped alteration." Twenty years after it was written,* it

The progress of the lady in the learned languages is well known, and as for the "gentleman,"—he had no sooner learned to form the Greek characters than he set himself to write odes "after the manner of Anacreon," on all the characters of all the clubs of which he was a member. For the most part, they "wiped them up, and said nothing about them;" one or two, however, slipped through their fingers, with which, "if it were my cue to *threaten*," I would menace the reader upon "some future occasion."

* "Yet the Critic has the "honesty" to print in italics, that this very Satire cost me, in my own words, "twenty years solicitude" !!! This is so much like a trick of Mr. Parsons in his observations on the *Mæviad* (see p. 24,) that I am almost tempted to cry out, aut P. aut Diabolus ! Yet Mr. Parsons, I am informed, has been at school lately; he cannot therefore be so grossly ignorant as my Reviewer, and must stand acquitted of this egregious performance."

was found amongst Dr. Ireland's papers, copied from my school-exercise; and I confess to my shame, as the Critic will affirm—that I felt a slight visitation of pride, in printing it “with all its imperfections on its head.” I said to myself, some generous spirit, some liberal protector of indigent industry, struggling with difficulties in the laborious pursuit of knowledge, may be curious—may be pleased, perhaps, to see what could be done after an education of eighteen months, by the help of such poor aids as a country school of no reputation could supply. All this I thought; but I made no parade of it, not even to my dearest friend: nor would the circumstance have been ever mentioned by me, had not the Reviewer, with an ungenerous and unfeeling triumph over my situation, dragged forward this very Satire, and commented upon it with all the virulence of insolent brutality, as an impartial specimen of Mr. Gifford's general manner.”* p. 53.

* Here is another instance. In the argument of the 11th Satire, it is said that the “friend and patron of my youth” had undertaken to translate it for me, but that he returned it before he had made much progress, on finding it “above his strength.” “Had he lived,” I add, “I should probably have suppressed the lines; now it seems to me a duty to insert them.” p. 362. This, I thought, would repress every inclination—not certainly to criticism, but to brutal ribaldry; yet this part of the work is rudely brought forward by this illiberal and malicious idiot, to grace the triumph of a recent translator:

| | |
|---|----------|
| Of your own mouth pray measure well the size. | RHODES. |
| Knock at thy breast; examine well, and see,— | GIFFORD. |

I have no objection to allow the superiority of Mr. R.; indeed, I have nothing to do with him; my business is with the Critical Reviewer, whose sneers are lavished upon the *vulgarity* (so he calls it) of “knock at thy breast”! Two other lines are then quoted:

Yes, KNOW THYSELF; in great concerns, in small,
Let this be all thy care, for this is all.

Here the ridicule is levelled at—for *this is all!* the poor wretch, whose language, I beg pardon, whose *linguaggio*, is a “mine of barbarism,” and whose ignorance is only equalled by his insolence; does not know that the line is Pope's, and used by that great poet in the sense it is used here, in one of his most finished pieces:

“What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
“Let this be all my care, *for this is all.*”

He is however, so delighted with the idea of his triumph over these “vulgaries,” that he

You now appear again convicted of the most disgraceful falsehoods. For this time, I leave you to the indignation of the reader, taking leave only to observe, that, school-boy as I was, and possessed only of poor Farnaby, if I had brought my master such a translation as these grown "gentlemen" with "ALL the principal editors and translators before them" (p. 338), are pleased to recommend, I should have seen my exercise contemptuously flung into the midst of the school.—The "boy" who translated *poscere* into *beg a copy*, did not maintain it "occupied two lines"! he did not assert that *lectus erat Codrus* signified "Codrus had more beds than one," and, in consequence of his own blunder, stupidly insult Holyday and Dryden for differing from him! he did not pervert Juvenal's reasoning on the immateriality of the soul, and, with a degree of ignorance scarcely credible, say that "the body *perished* with the *dying* soul"! (p. 326.) No, the school-boy Gifford did none of these things; they were reserved, with many more, for the "society" of Critical Reviewers; "gentlemen" selected with singular judgment by Mr. Hamilton, on account of their superior talents, to improve our knowledge, exalt our piety, and refine our taste.

"Such is the genuine apology of the Critical Reviewers. Admirable logicians!"

As to the advice which the "gentleman" is pleased to give me, to turn *miller*, "*Soyez plutôt meunier, &c.*" (p. 340), I beg leave to decline it altogether. Whether any hints have been received from Mr. Parsons, as to the profits to be derived from this profession, or not, I cannot say; but once for all, I wash my hands of it. I thought enough had been

proudly brings forward one of the passages a second time, accompanied with a pretty intelligible hint at assassination, unless I am silent.

"To Mr. Gifford, *ere he falls innumerabilibus telis gravis* (*overpowered by innumerable weapons*), we recommend his own advice, Knock at thy breast, &c. &c." Sep. p. 28. And this is criticism; and this is the "*dignified liberality*" of Mr. Hamilton's "society of gentlemen"!

It will scarcely be credited, that after all this, and much more of the same kind, the Critic should tell me that "I bluster *because* I am secure." An anonymous miscreant threatens me with "dissection," "assassination," &c. and then finds out that I bluster because I am *secure!!!* Of what are this man's brains formed?—of "brickdust," like Pasquin's? of "mud," like Pindar's? or of both, like Mr. P——'s?

already said on this head to the "gentleman;" but since he forces me to return to the subject, I now add, that I have no occasion for it. I hold more than one situation of honourable trust under my gracious Sovereign, and while I faithfully discharge them to the best of my abilities, have little apprehension of being driven to "convey" flour, or to buy bargains, for my support.

The "tribunal," naturally enough for such bloated idiots, now fall into the error of their associate Peter, and imagine that I want their praise (p. 340). *Dii meliora piis!* No, no, "gentlemen;" I want it not. Sufficient, I trust, has been said to save me from that abhorred disgrace; and if not, I frankly declare that if I knew, in the whole compass of language, any terms of scorn and contempt that would do it more effectually, I would eagerly employ them: meanwhile you are at liberty to believe them spoken.

"We assert the *humble* privilege of a desire"—p. 340; the humble privilege of a desire! Good, very good. "*Humble assistants* in the *vestibule* of literature," p. 340. Admirable! though I cannot teach you sense (for I might bray you in a mortar, and not do this), I have taught you the saving caution of folly. It is no longer "*Our* indignation might have hurled,"—no longer "We may, in mercy, *protect* this *culprit* from farther *punishment*:" no, you are humble, unassuming, modest, gentle and respectful "*assistants in the vestibule of literature!*" or rather, you are an abject set of snivelling, hypocritical, canting, and trembling cowards, equally a disgrace to "literature" and to manhood. In the very Review which contains your attack on me, you have found it expedient, I see, to crave the mercy of Dr. Lettsom for your "*personalities*," p. 359. This is as it should be: the castigation you have received, may screen some worthy but timorous man from your Billingsgate abuse. I would cheerfully endure it through the whole of my life, for a less advantage to society than this.

In speaking of a most atrocious calumny vomited against me by one of these people (Exam. p. 47), it was observed, that if Mr. Hamilton, who equipped him, "would take the crape from his face, that the gentleman might be known, I would speak to him to some purpose."

To this they sottishly reply—"the peculiar duties of our situation forbid us to unmask"! p. 341. This is excellent. A footpad stabs you in the back, and when you turn round, and attempt to discover him, the "gentleman" tells you that "the peculiar duties of his situation forbid him to unmask." A Critical Reviewer wantonly insults you with the grossest terms, taxes you with "imposture," "impiety," and "robbery," perverts your language, forges what he cannot find, threatens you with assassination in express terms, and when you insist on seeing the face of the calumniating scoundrel, he has the cool assurance to tell you, that "the peculiar duties of his situation forbid him to unmask"!!! That Mr. Hamilton is a blockhead, and an egregious blockhead, I have no difficulty in affirming:—but is he so deeply immersed in stupidity, as to suppose that his crape was given him for no better purpose than this? Was it that they might belie and insult with impunity, that critics were allowed a *mask*? No; but for the promotion of justice, candour and liberality. A tacit bargain is understood with the public, that whoever writes anonymously shall abstain from personalities which cannot be returned; from insults which cannot be punished: and none but a P——, a Pindar, or a more despicable character than either, a Hamilton, would assume a mask for the sake of stabbing undetected.

Apropos of the coryphæus of this notable choir, the ringleader of this gang of *maskers*. Thus the case stands between us: Mr. Hamilton, the printer and proprietor of the Critical Review, a person whom I never injured even in thought, and whose name had never escaped my lips, hires a brutal scavenger to bespatter me with mud; not content with this, the staring oaf stands grinning by, and applauds the execution of his most filthy job.* If I had chastised him for his unprovoked and unprecedented insolence, I should have merited the thanks of the community, but I contented myself with pointing out his impertinence, and exposing his folly: for this act of lenity, one of his desperadoes is charged to say, that "I deserve a cudgel"! (p. 341.) What cat of the tribunal

* I said this before, because I knew it to be true: I here repeat it; Mr. Hamilton is welcome to my authorities.

will tie on the bell? But seriously, who will bestow this cudgel? Which of the "gentlemen in crape" will venture to James-street with it? Or is there any lurking assassin whom "peculiar duties forbid to unmask," who for a double pot of beer will undertake the mission? I thought the fate of one of the "society" had operated as a sufficient warning on the rest; if, however, a second attempt be yet necessary to teach the "gentlemen" caution, I desire it may be fully understood that I utterly despise their efforts separate and combined; that I will defend myself as long as I can, and that when I fail, the law shall be called in to my assistance.

But who is this Hamilton, whose sacrosanct character is to legitimate all his infamous attacks on the community? Who is this Jonathan Wild of literature, who keeps a gang of "honest gentlemen" in pay, whom "the peculiar duties of their situation forbid to unmask?" Is he the descendant of the Hamilton so honourably commemorated by Churchill?
Patre mendaci filius mendacior!

At HAMILTON's the ready *lie* repair,

Ne'er was *lie* form'd, THAT WAS NOT WELCOME THERE.

Epist. to Crit. Rev.

And is his "society of gentlemen" the lineal progeny of that respectable "tribunal" mentioned in the succeeding lines? Upon my honour, I believe so!

Some, the more subtle of their race,
Who felt some touch of *coward* grace,
Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deserving it,
Sold brother HAMILTON their aid,
And carried on the CRITIC trade.

THE GHOST.

You have discovered by this time, "gentlemen," that you have failed in your hopes of intimidating me. Blockheads are always cunning, and always outwitted by their cunning. Your threats of "dissecting me entirely" (p. 340), and of "assassinating me with innumerable poniards

(Sept. p. 28), though perfectly consistent with every principle of true criticism, and highly to the honour of your "society," instead of alarming, have only increased my scorn and detestation of your "guilty cowardice." I do you too much honour to *dare* your utmost malice; I laugh at that and you. Fools and knaves I found you, and knaves and fools I leave you; and whether I shall ever pick you up again—"there's nobody cares."

But you warn me, "*for my own sake*," not to fall in your way again (p. 341). Improvident and stupid wretches! is it thus you betray the secrets of your party? I said long ago that the Critical Reviewers gave themselves no concern about the contents of a book: the author only was the object, and if he happened to be obnoxious to any of the "gentlemen of the tribunal," or their worthless employer, some venal miscreant, equally profligate and dull, was let loose upon him without farther consideration. This I said, for this I knew:—but perhaps the atrocious fact was doubted. Now, however, *habemus confidentes*: in the confidence of their blind malice they allow and boast of it! No matter what I publish; the subject or the manner in which it is treated, is of no moment: vengeance is the word, and woe to me if I appear before them again! On *me* such Bobadil bullying is utterly lost: there are some perhaps whom it might disquiet. But this is "THE DIGNIFIED LIBERALITY" for which Mr. Hamilton takes such extraordinary credit in his paltry puffs.

It is not improbable but that I shall shortly solicit the indulgence of the public for another work—and I already see some P——, skulking with malignant joy, to the office of the Critical Review, and receiving from the hands of Mr. Jonathan Hamilton, the customary rag of black crape!

During my apprenticeship, I enjoyed perhaps as many places as Scrub, though I suspect they were not altogether as dignified: the chief of them was that of a planter of cabbages in a bit of ground which my master held near the town. It was the decided opinion of Panurge that the life of a cabbage-planter was the safest and pleasantest in the world. I found it safe enough, I confess, but not altogether pleasant; and

therefore took every opportunity of attending to what I liked better, which happened to be, watching the actions of insects and reptiles, and, among the rest, of a huge toad. I never loved toads, but I never molested them; for my mother had early bid me remember, that every living thing had the same Maker as myself: and the words always rang in my ears. This toad then, who had taken up his residence under a hollow stone in a hedge of blind nettles, I used to watch for hours together. It was a lazy, lumpish, animal, that squatted on its belly, and perked up its hideous head with two glazed eyes, precisely like a Critical Reviewer. In this posture, perfectly satisfied with itself, it would remain as if it were a part of the stone which sheltered it, till the cheerful buzzing of some winged insect, provoked it to give signs of life. The dead glare of its eyes then brightened into a vivid lustre, and it awkwardly shuffled to the entrance of its cell, and opened its detestable mouth to snap the passing fly or honey bee.

Since I have marked the manners of the Critical Reviewers, these passages of my youth have often occurred to me.

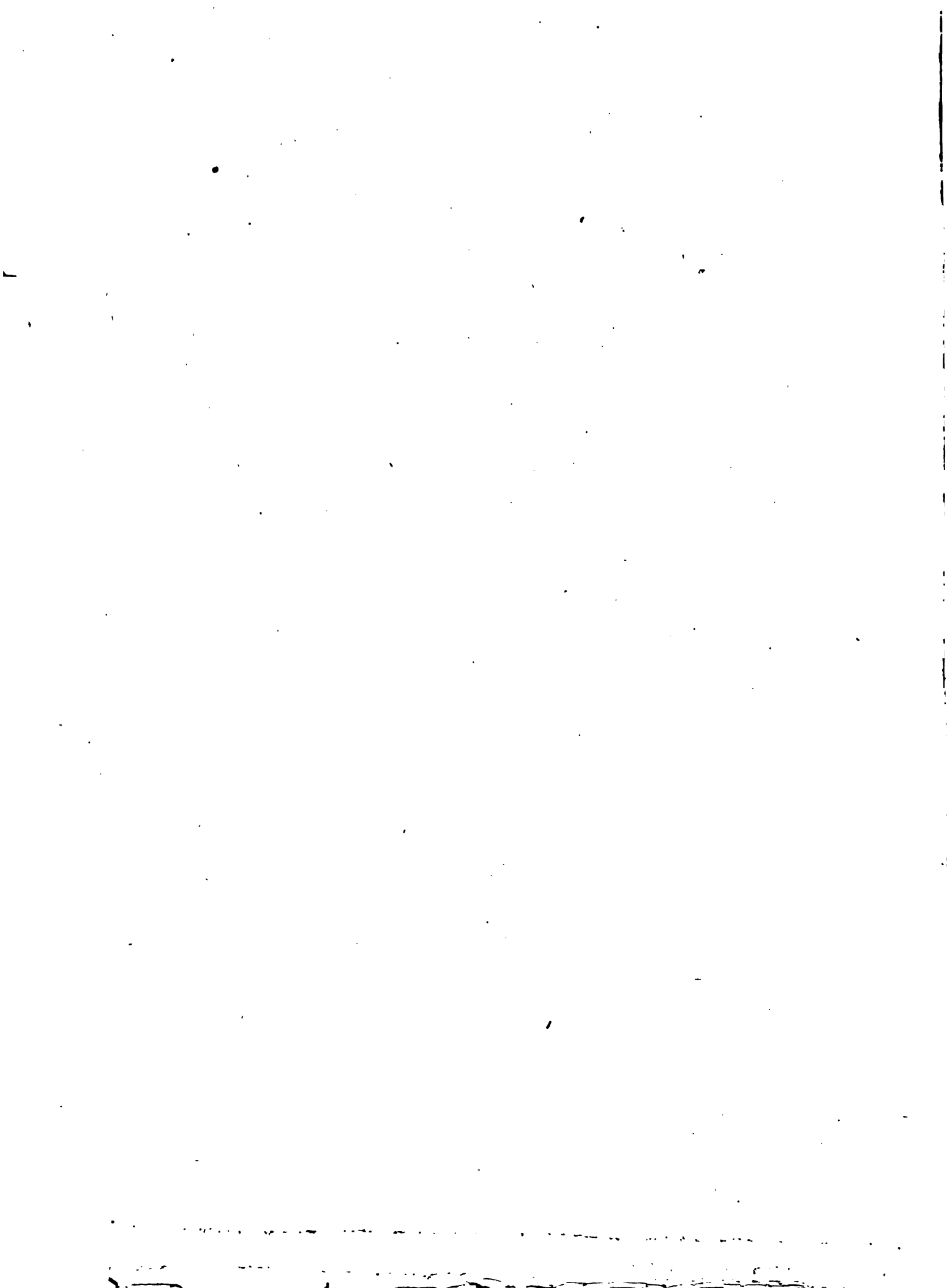
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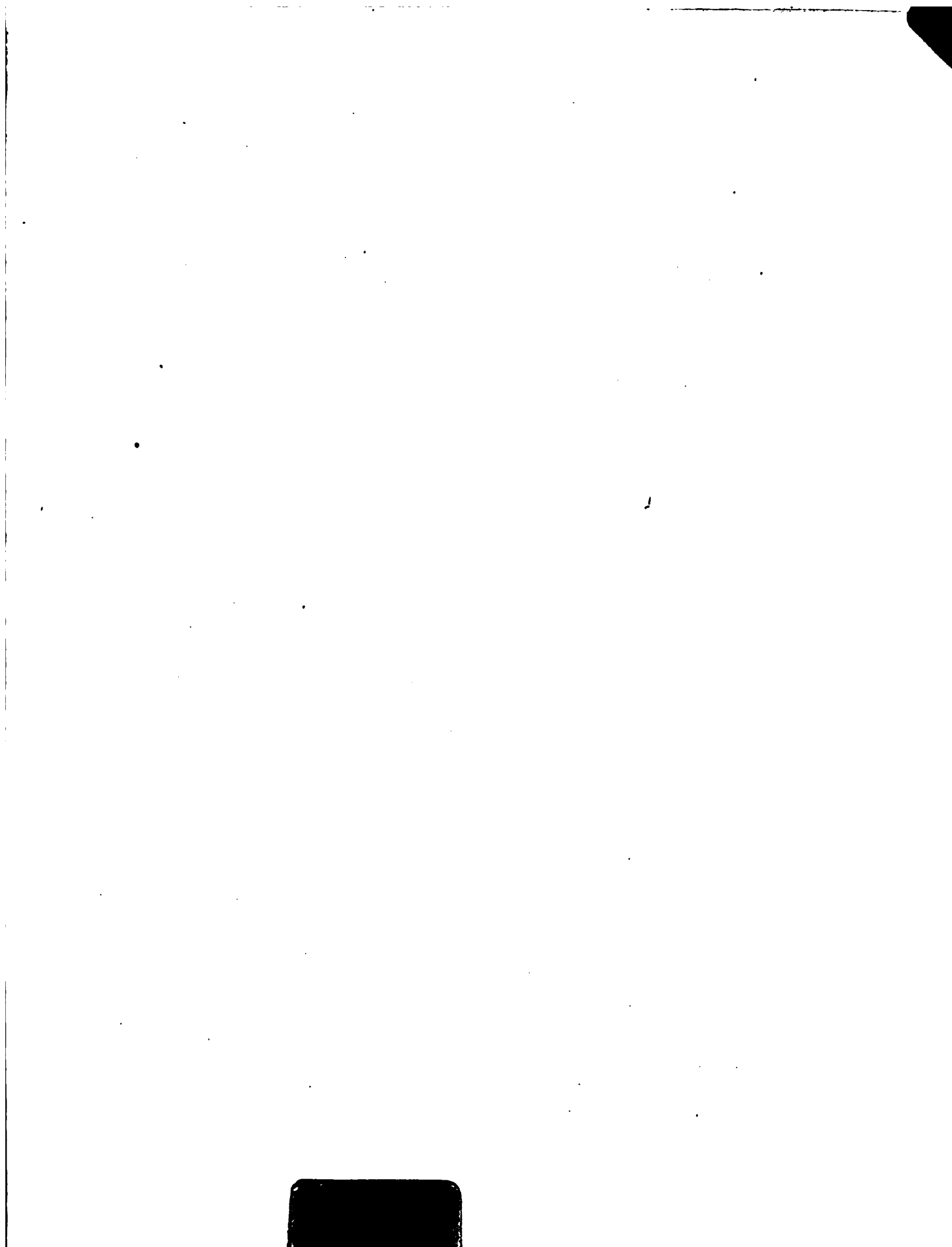
THE ingenious writers of a Review, of which the first Number has just appeared, regret "that I should have been provoked by the *severity* of the strictures of the Critical Review, to appeal to the public at large." I would willingly justify myself to these gentlemen. It was not the *severity* of the strictures which induced me to notice them. At fair and honest criticism, however severe, I have always held it the mark of a vain and little mind to cavil; neither was it the *incredible stupidity*,—for every critic is not *ex officio* a Longinus; nor lastly, was it the *malignant and rancorous abuse*,—for at this I laugh: no, it was the fabrications, the forgeries, the fraudulent substitutions of one book for another, which

"provoked the appeal to the public;" in which the exposure of the ignorance, malice, &c. of the Critical Reviewers, formed but a secondary object.

With respect to their next observation, that the remarks of the Critical Reviewers were only calculated to live their *little month*, and that my Examination, therefore, only "tended to prolong their remembrance," nothing can be more just; and these gentlemen must have seen that I was well aware of the circumstance. A short quotation from my former work, will at once explain my motives, and my object.

"It was this, among many other passages, that induced my friends to dissuade me from noticing what would only excite a momentary contempt by its rancour, or commiseration by its folly, and be forgotten for ever. That it would so, is certain: nay, it is already forgotten; and *this consideration alone* determined me to drag it forward once more to notice. It is not for the true interests of literature, that obtrusive and malicious blockheads should be forgotten:—they should be gibbeted for the scorn of wise men, and the terror of fools. This has been *always* my opinion; and I rejoice when a name, whose impotence would not have preserved its rancour from oblivion for a day, is snatched from the gulph, and hung aloft *in terrorem*. Were this to be more frequently done, we should have fewer impertinent scribblers, and no Critical Reviews." Exam. p. 28.





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